

## REASON, NOT SENTIMENT, THE FOUNDATION OF FAITH

**T**HE great common characteristic of all non-Catholic philosophies from Kant onwards, has been their endeavour to abolish God as a possible philosophical notion. I am aware that at first sight this statement may appear to be unjustifiably sweeping—it will be pointed out that Kant, and many of those who came after him, not only did not abolish God, but even made special provision for His existence in their philosophical systems. To this it may be replied that any philosophical system which misrepresents God, which demonstrates Him as other than He is, which positively denies Him those things which are proper to Him, or positively affirms of Him that which cannot stand with His nature, may, in a very true and real sense, be said to abolish God, to exclude the notion of God from the realm of truth with which the philosopher deals. In the writings of such philosophers, the word "God" cannot be held to represent the same notion as it does in the Catholic use. This is surely quite clear in the case of those who maintain that God is in absolute contradiction to the finite world, to the things He has created.

Some there are who have denied absolutely the possibility of God's existence on the ground that such a notion is, philosophically considered, self-contradictory. With this school of opinion we are not here immediately concerned. Our present inquiry is to deal with the system of those who, while holding that the notion of God cannot be embodied in any scheme of positive philosophy, yet believe in God, and maintain that His existence must be affirmed on other grounds.

It is interesting to see how such a view may arise. Though philosophical consideration has, to the satisfaction of many thinkers, completely disposed of the idea of God, there has still lingered that unaccountable something which is loosely termed "religious experience." Time and again, philosophers have "disproved" God, and yet men have obstinately continued to believe in Him. The aim and object of man's nature is so evidently directed towards God, man's cravings

so clearly stretch out towards a Supreme Good, that some modern philosophers have been fain to erect for themselves an extra-philosophical system, by which to justify the existence of the God, whom their so-called "Philosophy of the Unconditioned" has rejected as impossible.

Every man, who has attentively considered the attributes of God, will have become aware of certain difficulties and apparent contradictions in the notions involved. "How can God, who is Infinite, be the Creator of finite and corruptible objects? How can the Infinite Perfection of God be reconciled with the existence of imperfection, pain, sorrow and sin? How can the Infinite be a Person, since personality involves limitation of some sort?" These or similar questions have surely, at some time or other, occupied the minds of all. Few of us, perhaps, have the energy or the leisure to resolve such problems for ourselves; we are, for the most part, content to take it for granted that an explanation of these difficulties is available. That is so, for from the beginning Catholic philosophers and theologians have expended immense intellectual energy in the solution of such questions; St. Thomas Aquinas, in particular, in his "*Summa Theologica*," raises difficulty after difficulty of this description, and then, in his own masterly fashion, explains them, so far as a human intellect can serve to explain the mysteries of the Infinite God.

Many non-Catholic philosophers have multiplied difficulties and perplexities of this sort, either with a view to disproving the existence of God, or in order to show that no proof of His existence can satisfy the intellect. Sir William Hamilton maintained that the human intellect can only know things, in so far as they stand in relation to other things. Thus we cannot conceive a cause which may not at the same time be the effect of a higher cause; no point of time can be thought of, to which no other point of time was prior; nor can we have a concept of a whole so large that it cannot be a part of a still larger whole. But God is the Infinite, than which nothing can be greater; the First Cause, who is Himself uncaused. Thus, Hamilton concludes, "Our ideas of the Infinite are a bundle of negations."

Dean Mansel of St. Paul's, a junior contemporary of Hamilton's, was strongly influenced by his views, and, in the Bampton Lectures of 1858, undertook a defence of Theism, which commenced by throwing overboard the entire philo-

sophical method, and denying its competence to deal with the idea of God,—a foolish attempt, for it will easily be seen how hopeless a task it is to establish God as a reality, by means of a system whose operations are conducted outside of, and apart from, Philosophy, the Science of Reality. And yet this was the task which Mansel attempted, and his work, together with that of Hamilton, has still a pernicious effect in the world of non-Catholic philosophical opinion. Huxley read Hamilton at the age of fifteen, and became an Agnostic; Spencer used Mansel's writings to such purpose that he has been called by many "The father of modern Agnosticism"; James Ward, as we shall see, seems to accept Mansel's theories in their entirety.

Mansel's reasoning was much as follows:—

- (1) From religious experience, sentiment, spiritual feeling, etc., we *know* that God exists.
- (2) But philosophy proves that God does not exist.
- (3) Therefore, in considering God, philosophy must be working on matter outside its proper sphere.

For the first proposition he appeals to introspection and the common experience of all men. To justify the second proposition, he pours forth a stream of "Hamiltonian antinomies," designed to show that those things which are predicated of God must be in absolute contradiction to reality. Sentiment then, feeling, or something merely subjective, is to be taken as the foundation on which belief in a God must rest. The belief in a God is already there, a fact which cannot be explained away; philosophy cannot account for this belief, therefore an explanation must be sought for along non-philosophical lines.

The meaning of the word "sentiment" in its psychological use is very difficult to explain. Sentiment certainly differs from feeling and from emotion. As Reid said, "I never heard of the pain of gout, or any other severe feeling, being called a sentiment." In the same way we do not speak of a sentiment of fear or of anger. Ward distinguishes sentiment from "the fatty degeneration of the soul" called sentimentality, and says that a genuine sentiment implies both "valuation" and "motivation" (*i.e.*, intellect and will), though in its general use the latter component is usually stressed.

However, the "religious experience," on which Mansel and

those who have followed him have erected their theological edifice, is not sentiment in the strict psychological sense. Most of these writers have avoided giving anything like an exact definition of this fundamental element of their system. They are content to describe it by mere names like the following:—"Religious experience," "faith," "God-consciousness," "spiritual feeling," "moral and religious feeling." The student, anxious to get at the mind of these modern philosophers, who so lack the scholastic merit of clearness, must try to gather it from their descriptions. What is meant by "religious experience" may be seen from the following account of a "revival meeting."

The preacher spoke eloquently and forcibly of the necessity of bringing religion into the ordinary affairs of everyday life, and of not being ashamed to confess one's beliefs before all men. The dimly lighted chapel was packed with folk hanging on the preacher's every word. The air was electric, charged, as it were, with emotion. The preacher seemed to take complete possession of his audience, and as his grip upon them increased, his voice sank lower and lower. He appealed to all to abandon themselves to the promptings of the Spirit stirring within them. "Let those who are resolved to live a new life, stand up and let all men see that they are not ashamed of their faith." Waves of emotion seemed to surge through the crowded chapel. A young woman stood up, pale and shaking, and was led out to the vestry, where a band of evangelical helpers was waiting to confirm the converts. Another followed, then a man or two, and the flow ceased. And now the preacher began with a new earnestness, warning all of the danger of struggling against the inner movements of the Spirit. "A week or two ago, I had just finished a course of mission sermons in a North-country town, and the crowd were streaming out of the chapel into the night. Suddenly, in the court-yard in front of the chapel, there was a rush of wind and a whirring of wings. A young woman screamed 'He's gone, He's gone, the Holy Spirit has left me!' and fell into a dead faint. Night after night during the mission she had resisted the invitation to stand up and confess her faith before men, and now it was too late—too late for ever, for she died a few days later." Again the preacher appealed for those to stand



up whose hearts had been changed, and now converts came thick and fast.

Here, certainly, is one form, and a violent form, of "religious experience." How far such emotional conditions rest on a basis of reasonable conviction, it is difficult to estimate, but we are bound to respect and even to reverence such experiences, since they are the cherished possession, in many cases the only possession, of those who know nothing of the treasure-house of the Church's teaching. It is unlikely, however, that resolutions taken under such an emotional access as has been described, will be able to survive the strain of daily humdrum practice, unless solidly supported by intellectual conviction; while it is certain that they will not so survive in the face of an intellectual rejection of the idea of God.

The *Morning Post* "Pulpit" has recently provided an opportunity for all and sundry to air their views on religion, and a perusal of its columns gives an interesting insight into the meaning of the phrase "religious experience." Here are some extracts from the letter of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, from the issue of January 3rd:—

I was brought up in the Christian faith as a member of the Church of England. I did not believe what it taught. I never met anyone who did . . . Christianity is built up on an assumption which a few minutes reflection by even a mediocre intelligence like mine shows to be unwarranted. It teaches that God is Love, a statement which is contradicted by everything we know about the world and the creatures in it. . . . How could such a God have made a world in which necessity compels so large a number of species to feed upon other species? . . . And why, when He decided to redeem human beings from the eternal punishment they had merited by faults implanted in their characters by Him, did He wrap the matter up in so much mystery, and then leave by far the greater number of them outside the benefit He conferred? . . . Christianity ignored the certainty that our earth will some day become uninhabitable by reason of the cooling of the sun, and that the human race will perish utterly, along with all other forms of life. Awkward to fit this in with the theory that God is Love! No, I said to myself, God is not Love, but if we put

the statement the other way round and say that Love is God, then we get something firm to hold on to. . . . Christ said, "God is within you, not outside" [*sic*]. He implied that there could be no external proof of God, since God had no existence apart from the thoughts and acts and impulses of men. Every generous impulse, every kind thought, every unselfish act, creates God. Hatred, greed, cruelty, lack of sympathy, lack of consideration for others, lack of love—these keep God out. Even though a man should doubt God with his intellect, he may demonstrate that God is by showing that he has love in his heart towards his fellow-beings. For Love is God.

It is not my purpose here to discuss the merits of this letter, though "even a mediocre intellect" should have no difficulty in penetrating its superficiality and looseness of thought. It is enough for me to point out that we have here nothing more than a journalistic edition of Mansel's theories.

Bishop M. S. O'Rorke, in a letter to the *Catholic Times* of January 28th, quotes a passage from his letter to the *Morning Post* "Pulpit," which was omitted by the Editor:—

As regards my own testimony, I do not think it is over rash to admit that, intellectually, we can never reason our way to God. The intellectualists are quite right in being Agnostics. If Religion is to be kept strictly upon the plane of scientific reasoning, then, frankly speaking, I am an Agnostic. On the other hand, if my whole being is gathered up in a single activity, as it normally is, I am a Catholic, and I say Mass every day, although I am excommunicated by the Roman Catholic Church as being an Anglican. I believe I have as much certitude in my faith as the Roman Catholics, and more.

Here again we see the formal rejection of the reasoned proofs for the existence of God, and the substitution for them of purely subjective feelings.

Jacobi, the German philosopher, maintained that God could be known by an "irresistible spiritual feeling." This feeling he called faith, and in his later writings he used the words "faith" and "reason" indifferently, as having the same meaning. This "reason" of Jacobi was opposed to intellect. Intellect led to the conclusions of Science, and "reason" led to God and the meta-

physical. Of course such an abuse of words is quite indefensible. If our intellect really convinces us that God is an impossibility, no other faculty can lead us to believe in His existence; intellect must reign supreme in its own proper order of cognition, and no amount of renaming of the affective tendencies can ever elevate them to a higher plane of cognitional value than that of the intellect. The late Professor J. Ward, in that give-and-take style of writing which is so popular with those who wish to avoid committing themselves, endeavours to evade this question of mutual repugnance between the data of faith and those of intellect. This is what he says:—

The most that the theoretical contemplation of nature yields is the possibility of things divine—the impossibility of such things it does not claim to prove. (There is no complete theoretical solution to the doubts and uncertainties that hence arise, and which Pascal accordingly advises us to stifle.) It is this open possibility, which Kant effectively disclosed, that leaves room for faith.

It is an ingenious compromise, but surely to say that philosophy, in considering God, becomes involved in such irreducible uncertainty that it can be said neither to prove nor to disprove His existence, is only an indirect way of affirming that philosophy is not competent to deal with God, which is precisely the view both of Jacobi and of Mansel.

Within this theoretical gap [continues Ward] faith creates the belief in God. . . . Starting from what can be, religious faith asserts that here it is, because it ought to be. In a word, it is not the objective situation, the world or nature, but a particular subjective attitude to this situation . . . with all the moral ends and aspirations which that attitude implies . . . which gives rise to religious faith in a Transcendental Ideal, as Kant called it. That alone assures the religious man of the realisation of all his moral ideals. So far, then, religious faith is psychologically in line with all lesser faiths; it is foreshadowed in the upward striving which is the essence of life. . . . It detracts in no wise from this living by faith—we must emphatically maintain—that its so-called God-consciousness may be epistemologically unverifiable.

It will, I think, be difficult to acquit Ward of having misused the word "faith," or of having completely failed to enter into the state of mind of one who has religious faith in the legitimate sense. Faith is, of course, a supernatural gift, and may quite rightly be said to transcend reason; this transcendence, however, is effected, not by superseding the reason but rather by illuminating it. I am speaking here of the effect of faith on the knowledge of those truths which may be reached by the use of the natural reason alone—I do not intend to suggest that faith can so illuminate the reason that it can understand, for instance, the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. But I do suggest that the intellect, which by its own natural operations has come to assent to the fact of the existence of God, will, when "illuminated" by faith, understand more clearly and more profoundly the meaning of this truth, and all that is involved in it. Thus in many cases, such as, for instance, that of Newman, faith follows on intellectual conviction, not changing it, but perfecting it. Newman himself in his writings has dealt justly with those who would build up a theology founded on sentiment. Not in one or two, but in a hundred places he refers to this matter; indeed, once started, it is difficult to know when to stop quoting from him. One little passage must suffice:—

Knowledge must ever precede the exercise of the affections. We feel gratitude and love, we feel indignation and dislike, when we have the informations actually put before us which are to kindle those several emotions. We love our parents, as our parents, when we know them to be our parents; we must know concerning God before we can feel love, fear, hope, or trust towards Him. . . . Theology may stand as a substantive science, though it be without the life of religion; but religion cannot maintain its ground at all without theology. Sentiment, whether imaginative or emotional, falls back upon the intellect for its stay, when sense cannot be called into exercise, and it is in this way that devotion falls back upon dogma.

This is a most unequivocal vindication of the superiority of reason over sentiment in the knowledge of God, and it stands in striking contrast to the two last quotations I shall give. The first is from Principal J. Caird:—

How can formal logic, an organ of thought which tests all things by the law of contradiction, compass, or in the

attempt to compass, do anything else than misrepresent, the realities of a world, where analysis is ever revealing contradictions, and whose absolute opposition can only vanish in the light of a higher synthesis?

The only conclusion that one can draw from such a remark is that its author holds that man has at his command some un-named power by which he can bring together into one synthesis, things which his reason shows him to be contradictory. My final quotation shows that Mr. C. J. Webb too believes that religious experience is such a synthesizing agent as Caird refers to:—

Natural Theology is to be regarded, not as a science consisting of truths reached altogether independently of a historical religion, but rather as the result of reflection on a religious experience, mediated in every case through a historical religion.

From all that has been said and quofed, it will have been possible to gain a very fair idea of what may be embraced under the term "religious experience" or "sentiment," when used by a non-Catholic writer. It has no certain objective value. On the other hand, that there are sentiments and emotional states proper to religious intellectual activity cannot be denied; indeed such affective tendencies are of the very greatest assistance in the religious life of the individual. We must now attempt to indicate the relative importance which should be assigned to such sentiment in Natural Theology.

In the first place I will recapitulate the broad characteristics of the two opposing view-points. This is what I take to be the position of our opponents:—Intellect can neither demonstrate the existence of God, nor even conceive Him in intelligible terms. Reason either demonstrates the impossibility of God, or at best merely allows room for the possibility of a God. Man cannot, however, escape from the conviction that there *is* a God, for his religious sentiments tell him so, even in the face of reason. Therefore Natural Theology, as a necessary body of knowledge, must be built up on sentiment as its first foundation. Sentiment is the primitive datum in our knowledge of the Infinite.

And the Catholic view may be thus epitomized:—In the first place, the existence of God, as a *hypothesis*, does not involve intellectual contradiction or repugnance. Secondly, the

*fact* that He exists follows as a necessary inference from the following two premisses:—(1) There exist in the world things which are the effects of other causes. (2) In order that things should exist, whose being is contingent on other causes, there must be a Cause which is itself uncaused. In other words, if we go back along the series of cause and effect, we must either accept a "processus in infinitum," which is a contradiction in terms, or come to an Uncaused or Absolute Cause, who is God. By examining these two positions we can decide which one represents the truth. As, however, it is not my purpose here to prove the existence of God, I will confine myself to a criticism of the part allotted to sentiment in the theories under discussion.

It may be said at once that neither in themselves nor in time are sentiments, affects and emotions prior to perception. It is, of course, true that we have within us certain innate affective tendencies, which determine us to apperceive certain objects and events in a specific way. This is clearly the case in what is called instinct,—a faculty by which we are led without reasoning, or at least before reasoning, to apprehend certain things as good and others as bad for us. Can it therefore be said that we have an instinct for God? Here it is well to walk warily, and to be quite sure of the meaning of the terms one employs. Instinct is a dispositional framework about which the mind works in the presence of the appropriate object or event. God is the Last End, towards which the tendencies of man's nature are directed. This tendency to God, the Highest Good, is recognized in the first principle of human actions, "Good is to be sought after, and evil avoided." It is this principle alone which makes practical life intelligible, for man's will is only able to act in the presence of *good of some kind*; the "instinct" of the will is to embrace good.

But although a man can only desire a thing in so far as it appears good to him, he has the power of so neglecting an austere or higher good, and attending to a sensible or merely pleasurable good, that the apparent goodness of the latter grows at the expense of that of the former, with the result that the will can actually embrace what is *really* the lesser good. In one case only, the will is not free to choose a lesser good, and that is when the soul sees God as He is, for here the aim and object of man's nature would find complete fulfilment, and spiritual vagrancy would no



longer be possible. The Law of God is, indeed, graven in our hearts,—“thou shalt love the Lord thy God, . . . Him only shalt thou serve.” Free we certainly are—and yet, in so far as we use our freedom to go outside this Law of our nature, we *know* ourselves to be less free.

But this knowledge, this recognition of our own intrinsic tendencies, and of the Goal towards which they direct us, is not a sentiment; it is the result of an intellectual reflection. Those who have denied the competence of reason to deal with the notion of God, have no right to indulge in introspection with a view to discovering “God-feeling,” “Transcendental Consciousness,” etc., for with what faculty will they appraise such things when discovered, if not with the intellect?

There has been a time in the lives of most believers, when the intellect has, for a space, rested with satisfaction and delight in an apparently spontaneous conviction that God *is*. It may have been on a warm summer night under the stars, when, unfettered and unembarrassed either by bodily or mental disturbance, we are undistracted by mortal conditions. And in that moment the mind has, naturally and without effort, climbed from the stars to Him who made them, and has marvelled to find how easy and fitting and natural it all seems. There may be, there will be, some sentiment and emotion attached to such a “glimpse of God,” but such an experience also carries an intellectual argument of perhaps overwhelming conviction to the individual. But this argument is not of universal utility, since this temporary “*quies in bono possesso*” of intellect and will is not communicable to others.

It may be difficult to prove that some infused knowledge of God is not given to us, or that we are not endowed with some power of intuition, by which we gain some direct knowledge of God, incomplete and inadequate though it be. Such a hypothesis, however, is neither necessary nor probable, the knowledge which we do in fact have of God can be accounted for along simpler lines of explanation. It is granted that the sentiments, affects and emotions which accompany religious experience, form a complex which is unlike any other experience—vivid, intimate, and almost to be described as “*sui generis*,” but surely this is to be explained by the fact that this state is the result of the contemplation of an object which is most certainly “*sui generis*.” It is the absence of

limit in the Good which is conceived and desired, that gives rise to a subjective state altogether passing the compass of any other experience. It is this unique character of "religious experience," which has led to its being regarded as primitive, innate, and prior to cognition (or even going beyond the bounds of cognitional possibility).

We maintain, however, that except in the excellence of their origin, the affects proper to religion do not differ essentially from those aroused by other perceptions. They presuppose cognition, and are not prior to it. They do not form a "religious sense," or any cognitive faculty whatever. They are the results of conative tendencies, and, it may be, of the action of the will itself, working on the conclusions which reason in the first place coldly supplies.

Thus Catholic philosophy vindicates the supremacy of man's noblest faculty, whilst providing a sure and solid basis for all excursions of the human will after the highest good. All systems which put God out of reach of man's reason indirectly destroy the possibility of divine revelation. Have we not, then, in the prevalence of false philosophy outside the Church, a key to the extraordinary intellectual position of Protestantism, with its substitution of opinion for faith, its utter illogicality, its faculty for self-contradiction, its dependence on subjective emotions? No one, whose knowledge of the Object of his hope does not depend on intellectual perception need be much concerned "to satisfy him who demands the reason of his hope,"<sup>1</sup> and hence the Protestant has no answer to give to the Rationalist except "I feel, at any rate, that I am right."

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<sup>1</sup> I Peter, iii. 15.

## COVADONGA : THE " BIRTHPLACE OF SPAIN "

**W**HEN Tarik, at the head of 7,000 Berbers, followed shortly afterwards by 5,000 more, crossed from Africa into Spain in the year 711, what had been undertaken as a mere reconnaissance and foray, rapidly developed into serious conquest. The Visigothic kingdom, built upon the ruins of Roman dominion, fell to pieces like a house of cards. Misgovernment had brought about widespread discontent and social disunion, luxury had sapped the virility of the great nobles, political chicanery led to treachery, the result being that, in half-a-dozen years the African Moslem was established as the master of Spain. From the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Bay of Biscay, the peninsula was his, only a few remote regions, such as parts of Galicia, the high Asturian mountains, and the Basque valleys of the Pyrenees, being free from his occupation and rule. It looked as if a very short time would see every foot of Spanish soil beneath the sway of Islam.

But there were still a few of the Christian Visigothic nobles who refused to acknowledge defeat. Foremost among them was Pelagius, in Spanish Pelayo, who, fleeing from Toledo with a handful of friends and followers had sought refuge in the wild Asturian country around the Picos de Europa. Here a hermit gave him shelter in his almost inaccessible retreat, the cave since known as Covadonga, encouraged him to continue his resistance to the infidel invaders, and promised him that God and our Blessed Lady would give him victory.

The entrance to this cave is at a considerable height above the ground ; above it rise almost perpendicular cliffs ; below it a gently sloping platform of ground juts out like a mighty rocky headland, which on its three sides drops sheer to the narrow valley where tumbles noisily the River Deva, issuing from a cavern beneath the main cave. In the hands of a few brave men the position was an impregnable one, and for some time the Berbers, who held that part of the country, left the fugitives alone, hoping, no doubt, that time and privations would lead them to the alternative of surrender or extermination. But repeated raids upon Moorish posts and settlements provoked more active measures, and Musa, the Berber general,

then in quarters at Gijon, on the Northern coast, sent Alakmann to destroy Pelayo and his band. Legend has magnified beyond all historical possibility the strength of the Moorish force, and it is now useless to attempt any estimate of its numbers. It is, however, certain that the Christians were heavily outnumbered, but all the advantages of position, enthusiasm, desperate courage and trust in heaven's help were with Pelayo.

Even now, though the changes of twelve centuries have modified the site, it is easy, when standing on the spot, to reconstruct and visualize the progress of the fight. The frontal attack from below could not expect to make good; the sides of the outthrown headland are too steep to be rushed, and any attempt to scale them could easily be beaten off by a rain of rocks and stones cast down from above. So, while the main force of the Moors held their enemy's attention by a desultory, half-hearted attack from the valley, a strong detachment had been sent to make their way by roundabout mountain paths to a position whence they could clamber down the cliffs and take Pelayo's men in the rear. But he had foreseen such a move, and in readiness for it, had hidden a picked body of men in the cave. As soon as the Moors had come down to the level ground, and before they had time to form up for the assault, these men rushed out, and, calling upon God and Our Lady, took the infidels by surprise and slaughtered them to a man. The ensuing retreat of the main body soon became a rout, and but few of the Moors escaped from the narrow valley to their quarters at Gijon.

Pelayo's success drew to him many recruits eager to renew the struggle for the Cross. Musa, at Gijon, fearing to be cut off and isolated, hastened South towards Leon, but had not gone far when the augmented Christian army fell upon him in the rugged Asturian defile and cut his force to pieces. The remnants who made their way to Leon had no heart to renew the fight, or to run further risks amidst the wild and inhospitable Asturian mountains. Pelayo was proclaimed king, the kingdom of Asturias was firmly established, the Christian re-conquest of Spain had begun. This is not the place to describe, even in outline, the progress of that re-conquest. Eight centuries passed before it was completed, before Queen Isabella, the Catholic, destroyed the last vestige of Moorish rule in Spain, but from Covadonga to Granada, though there were temporary setbacks, and long stretches of inactivity or inconclusive guerrilla warfare, the Spaniards never looked

back, never lost for long what they had won, never took their eyes off the goal they had set out to win, the making of Spain into a wholly European and Catholic land. Truly Covadonga is the cradle of the nation; there Spain was born, and the memory of her heroic birth in that remote corner of Asturias has never wholly faded from her national consciousness.

Pelayo's successor, Alfonso I., the Catholic, carried out his father-in-law's command to transform the hermit's cave into a church under the invocation of Santa Maria de Covadonga. Though but a small building, and mainly of wood, it was of bold and ingenious construction, for the floor which projected well beyond the cliff face was supported on massive beams fixed at an angle into the solid rock below. Within this humble church both Pelayo and Alfonso himself were buried, and their tombs, let into natural cavities in the inner wall of the cave, are still to be seen with the original inscriptions. This little church, enriched with many gifts from Spanish kings, princes, prelates and people, stood unchanged until October, 1779, when it, with all its treasures, was destroyed by fire. Carlos III., who then sat upon the Spanish throne, at once gave orders for the building of a monumental church below the cave. Meanwhile, a wooden chapel was put up which lasted until 1874, when the present small chapel, *El Camarin*, which does not harmonize well with its grand and rugged surroundings, was erected at one end of the face of the cave. *El Camarin* is a small building about twelve feet square, constructed of a dark grey stone, enriched exteriorly with much carving of a rather finicky character, which, though good in detail, is here misplaced. The back or East wall stands against one end of the cave, the North wall runs along a part of the cave's front opening, while the West end is open. The building is thus little more than a sanctuary, the body or nave of the church being formed by the cave itself. Over the altar is enthroned a copy of the ancient wooden statue of Our Lady that was lost in the fire of 1779. Though the altar and its furniture are rich and good, there is nothing that calls for special notice. This cave-church is naturally Covadonga's focus and centre of devotion. From 6 a.m. until 9 a.m. Masses are said every half hour daily, and every evening the Rosary is said and the *Salve Regina* and popular hymns to Our Blessed Lady are sung. According to all accounts, few Spaniards, even those who have given up the practice of their religion, or even lost their faith, can visit this spot and take part, though only as

onlookers, in the evening devotions, without feeling some stirrings of conscience, without experiencing some resurgence of their childhood's faith and piety, which not infrequently leads to thorough conversion. And the foreigner can understand something of this, for this rugged cave is a most venerable shrine of patriotism and religion, consecrated by over twelve centuries of a nation's faith and prayers, and by the multitudinous outpourings of divine grace and blessings therein bestowed upon generation after generation of devout and faithful Spaniards. Close to the cave and below it is the *Colegiata*, now the *Fonda de la Gruta*, where those visitors who have no desire for the luxury of the great modern hotel will find, at a most reasonable price, all they need—good food, willing service, pleasant rooms, comfortable beds and spotless cleanliness. The building, plain and unpretentious, dates from the sixteenth century; until a few years ago it housed the chapter of secular canons who serve the shrine and church, and who took the place of the Benedictines who, from the eighth century had a monastery here, of which nothing now remains. The sixteenth century cloister is plain and heavy, yet pleasing with its enclosed garden and central well-head. The church of San Fernando, having been superseded by the new church, of which we have yet to speak, is now used as a sort of indiscriminate museum, and the repository of a large number of pilgrimage banners. It has no great architectural interest.

Political and other troubles delayed for over a century the carrying out of the orders given by Carlos III. for the building of a great new church. Probably it was as well, for one shudders to think of what might have happened if the project had been put into execution in the later years of the eighteenth century or the first half of the nineteenth. The preparation of the site began in 1877, but was more than once interrupted. The first stone of the actual basilica was laid in 1886, the building was finished and consecrated in 1901. Its position is magnificent. It stands almost at the extremity of the rocky headland, high above the valley, and its twin spires are a welcome and a noble sight as they come suddenly into view while the pilgrim is still a mile away down the steep and winding road. The style is twelfth century Romanesque, simple and pure. It consists of nave, aisles, transepts, choir and triple-rounded apse, the length being some 200 feet. Under the South aisle, and part of the nave, is a spacious crypt. The material is stone of a slightly yellow colour already, in parts,



weathering to a mellow warm tint that reminds one of the beautiful Roman travertine. In its solidity and sobriety it is a noble monument, worthy of its position and surroundings. It is served by a college of fourteen secular canons who live in a row of plain houses running up the middle of the plateau. The Gran Hotel de Pelayo occupies slightly lower ground, and at the end and rear of the canons' residences is now being built a splendid hostel for the accommodation of the growing number of pilgrims. A wide spacious terrace for processions and open-air functions runs all round the church, and from its Western end to the edge of the headland, while the rest of the plateau is laid out in pleasant gardens that will be pleasanter still when the young trees have grown big and shady.

The treasury and museum, housed in the plain but dignified building that terminates the line of the canons' residences, must not be missed by the visitor to Covadonga. It contains a fine collection of vestments, a number of interesting and valuable ex-votos given by devout clients of Our Lady, notable among them being many pieces of personal jewellery and military medals and decorations, an extraordinary array of bridal dresses and veils given by those, a large and growing number, who will be married nowhere but at Covadonga, touching memorials of the faith and piety of Asturian women, a copy of Pelayo's Cross of Victory, the original being in the Cathedral at Oviedo, and above all, that truly wonderful example of the goldsmith's art, known as *el Triptico*. This merits at least a brief description.

The middle portion serves as a canopy, in the form of a rich, semi-domed triumphal arch, for the statue of the Divine Mother, seated, with the Holy Child upon her arm, enthroned beneath it. The figure some four feet in height is of cedar, covered thickly with gold. The features of Mother and Child, cast somewhat in the Byzantine mould, but without the Byzantine stiffness, are solemn and majestic. The throne is a chair of precious marbles, square and solid, its sides and back bearing high reliefs in solid silver, showing incidents of Pelayo's fight against the Moors, an admirable piece of work, full of life and vigour. The arms of the chair are encrusted with gems, the semi-dome of the triumphal arch holds a bas-relief of the Coronation of Our Lady, enriched with a border of glowing enamels and precious stones. The two side doors of the triptych are each divided into three panels, the lower decorated with heraldic shields of Spain, the middle ones showing reliefs

in silver of the birth of Our Blessed Lady and the adoration of the Magi, the upper ones holding silver statues of Saints Eulalia and Beatus of Liebana, patrons of Asturias. Finally, particular attention must be given to the crowns with which the Mother and Child were crowned in 1918 in commemoration of the twelfth centenary of the battle of Covadonga.

It is doubtful whether Europe possesses an example of the jeweller's craft comparable with these. Our Blessed Lady's crown is of gold and platinum, adorned with blue enamels and set with many diamonds; the nimbus is of most delicate golden filigree, rayed with rubies and sapphires, interspersed with pearls and diamonds; in the centre shines the Dove formed wholly of diamonds. The Child wears a crown of imperial shape, of gold and platinum, set with diamonds and pearls. The precious stones set in these two crowns reach the astonishing number of 10,578. The whole of this wonderful work of art, statue, triptych and crowns, is the gift of the women of Asturias to her whom familiarly they call La Santina, Our Lady of Covadonga. There is scarcely a family in the province but what has made its contribution. It is a magnificent manifestation of their traditional and undying devotion to Maria Santisima.

The pleasure of a visit to Covadonga is much enhanced by the grandeur and beauty of the surrounding country. The scenery of the Picos de Europa equals, if it does not surpass, that of the Pyrenees in the neighbourhood of Lourdes. But I write of Covadonga, not as a pleasure ground, but as a place of pilgrimage, as a sanctuary of Mary, as the centre of a great people's patriotic devotion, the cradle of Spain, "*la cuna de la nacion*," and when we think of what Spain has been, her record in history, her place in the Church, her array of Saints, her influence in the old world and the new, of what she is to-day, and of what she will be in the future, so far as may be judged from the signs of her present life and vigour, then surely this hallowed spot which saw the beginning of her rise from utter ruin, which witnessed the first setback in the conquering career of the African infidel, the first decisive victory of the Cross over the Crescent, the first act in that long and heroic epic of the re-conquest, well deserves to be more widely known by all those Catholics who love the sacred sites and shrines of history and religion.

B. V. MILLER.

## THE SPIRITUAL MISSION OF SAINT BERNARD

THE decision of the "Association Bourguignonne des Sociétés Savantes" to devote their Annual Congress at Dijon this year mainly to honouring St. Bernard of Clairvaux has roused considerable interest throughout Europe.<sup>1</sup> Proceedings are to open on June 12th, under the presidency of M. Hanotaux, and official representatives of both Oxford and Cambridge will be present and will read papers. This comes as a reminder of the strange neglect which this great Saint of the Middle Ages has suffered at the hands of Catholic writers in this country. Moreover, the non-Catholic biographers who have given so much care and attention to his life and teaching have not been always successful in their task. With one notable exception, there has been a common tendency to subdue the purely spiritual factors in the life of one who was above all a great monk and mystic. "The historian struggles daily," it has been finely said, "to understand each man in his own environment, to bridge distances of space and time . . . ." These pages are written in the belief that any attempt to bridge the distances of space and time that divide us from St. Bernard by nearly eight hundred years, must certainly begin by leaving aside the "man of affairs," whose activities spread throughout Europe, and concentrate instead on the abbot who sat in the Chapter House of Clairvaux preaching to his monks. Further, there could be perhaps no better guide for this than the saying of Pascal: "Men are not so different from each other as one man is from himself." A study of these "differences" in St. Bernard will account for some at least of the spiritual elements which played their part in his formation. It would surely be inconsistent to write about the Saint and yet ignore his Sanctity.

St. Bernard was born in 1091 at Fontaines-lès-Dijon in Burgundy, in that part of the province from which were to come Fénelon, Bossuet, and Lacordaire. At the age of

<sup>1</sup> The Secretary-General of the Congress, General Duplessis, has informed the writer that papers have been promised from scholars in Denmark, Sweden, Italy, and the United States, etc. It may be mentioned that an English translation of St. Bernard's complete works by the Cistercians of Mount Melleray is in course of publication.

twenty-two he entered as a novice at Cîteaux during the abbacy of the Englishman, Stephen Harding, and that his vocation was no mere yielding to the inclinations of a naturally religious temperament appears from the two years of thought and struggle through which he had passed. By nature St. Bernard possessed to a rare degree all those qualities of personal and intellectual charm which make for an easy passage through life: he was born and bred for human society. Personal beauty, an extremely lovable disposition and distinct intellectual gifts, were united to the advantages belonging to the son of a great feudal vassal of Champagne, to assure him a distinguished career in the world. Yet he laid aside his early literary ambitions, and overcame the opposition of his friends; and by one of the more common paradoxes of Christianity, left the world which he was destined later to serve in such a signal way. A young man so exceptionally gifted could hardly fail to have had some early vision of the beauty and glory of the world he was leaving; yet within the walls of Cîteaux St. Bernard gave himself to the life with a singular unity of purpose. He aimed at realizing a superb ideal: "Bernarde, ad quid venisti?" was the question he asked himself so constantly through the time of probation, and the answer was one lived from day to day with a deepening intensity—"To be crucified with Christ." Such as St. Bernard was when he first entered Cîteaux, to a great extent he always remained. In after years, men were attracted by the strength that his austerity revealed, but far more were drawn to him by the tender, human traits that no austerity could efface. His own friends have shown us this, for St. Bernard was fortunate in his biographers, who noted down these little human details<sup>1</sup>—the habitual charm of his smile, or his kindness to animals. William of St. Thierry has recorded his impressions of a visit made to Clairvaux, in the early days of its foundation. St. Bernard was lying ill in a cell without the enclosure:

... like unto a leper's hut at the crossways, ...  
and when he in his turn had welcomed us joyously and we began to ask how he fared, he smiled upon us with that generous smile of his, and said "most excellently."<sup>2</sup>

His personality was not one that is easy to describe or even, sometimes, to understand; yet it is his very contra-

<sup>1</sup> One of these is perhaps worthy of note: "in vestibus ei paupertas semper placuit, sordes nunquam." P.L. 185 c 306.

<sup>2</sup> P.L. 185 c 246.

dictions which constitute much of his interest and attraction. St. Bernard's character was formed by a union of two contradictory qualities, those of the ideal monk and mystic, and the man of action. This contradiction persists throughout. His bodily health was undermined from the beginning by the excess of his mortifications, yet he was possessed of an astounding vigour of soul and strength of will. On the one hand he was gifted with an exceptional kindness and sympathy, extending, as we have said, to the lower creation; on the other, his strength of will sometimes degenerated into an obstinacy and impetuosity which reveals itself by an occasional excess of language in his letters. Finally, his profound and sincere humility was balanced by a tendency towards a love of domination and power. It is hardly surprising if his contemporaries were not always able to understand, even when they could appreciate, such a man. He is characteristic of the age in which he lived, with all its strength and weakness, its fresh enthusiasm and lofty ideals, together with its limitations and failures.

To the physical courage shown by his whole-hearted acceptance of mortification, St. Bernard added a moral courage which was perhaps his birthright. He spoke to Pope and king with equal freedom when occasion demanded, and "seemed as it were to fear no man and reverence all men."<sup>1</sup> Nothing could be more outspoken than his protest to Louis VII. :

From whom, but from the devil, can I say that this policy of yours proceeds? . . . . Whatsoever it may please you to do with your own realm and crown and soul, we, as sons of the Church, cannot hold our peace in face of the insults and contempt with which our Mother is trodden underfoot.<sup>2</sup>

But for all his plain-speaking, the real secret of his power lay in the sympathy and kindness which radiated from him. Like one of his own sons, Aelfred of Rievaulx, he possessed the gift of friendship to an eminent degree. In deep contrast to the letters already quoted, are those which St. Bernard, from time to time, found leisure to send to absent friends. Yet not only to his own friends was this sympathy given. St. Bernard's success as abbot was due to the power he possessed of entering into the feelings of others. It was a gift freely given to his monks and especially to the novices, the "dear

<sup>1</sup> P.L. 185 c 318.

<sup>2</sup> Ep. 221.

young sons" whom he was accustomed to visit as soon as he re-entered Clairvaux after a prolonged absence. Nowhere does this stand out more clearly than in the letter written to a community of his monks urging them to take back an apostate brother who now wished to return: "Take him back then, you who are spiritual, in the spirit of gentleness; let love be confirmed in him, and let good intention excuse the evil done."<sup>1</sup> It is easy, too, to understand the enthusiasm with which he was greeted as he passed through the fields, eager to receive the simple greetings of the shepherds and cow-herds, who

crept back up the mountain-gorges to their flocks, talking and rejoicing that they had seen the man of God, and that his hand had been stretched over them for the blessing which they desired.<sup>2</sup>

To these peasant folk he preached practical sermons on such subjects as charity, honesty and contentment. St. Bernard had no special democratic sympathies—in that respect he does not rise above his age. But if he had a social philosophy at all, it was a very simple one: that luxury should be destroyed, and then the rich would be able to understand and fulfil their duties of charity and justice.

Then there are his failings to be considered. In no respect has St. Bernard been more criticized than for the zeal with which he hunted down heresy—a "monomania," as it has been termed with some exaggeration. The famous duel between him and Abélard represents the shock and conflict of two great currents of thought: the new growth of rationalism, and the view which stood for traditional authority, and held that "faith is not an opinion but a certitude." In these controversies St. Bernard was too ready to credit his opponents with bad faith when he believed them to be in error. Otto of Freisingen, a contemporary who is, however, definitely unfavourable to the saint, says: "if anything alien from the Christian faith were said to him in reference to them, he *readily* gave ear to it."<sup>3</sup> Yet it is easy to misunderstand St. Bernard's point of view. In a letter to Innocent II., he writes:

. . . . . Peter Abélard is trying to make void the merit of Christian faith, when he deems himself able by human

<sup>1</sup> Ep. 101.

<sup>2</sup> P.L. 185 c 246.

<sup>3</sup> De Gest. Frid. i. 47.



reason to comprehend God altogether . . . . . the man is great in his own eyes.<sup>1</sup>

There we have the whole gist of the matter in Bernard's eyes. It was because the Scriptures were to him primarily a great source for prayer, that he found the controversial methods of the new philosophy, and the biblical disputation of the marketplace so distressing.<sup>2</sup> Again, in his letters, his gift of satire and irony was apt to degenerate into an exaggeration and bitterness that sometimes came near to offending against charity. In his letter to Robert, a young kinsman who had left Clairvaux for the easier life of Cluny, St. Bernard goes to strange lengths in his suspicions of the means by which he was attracted there :

A certain great Prior was sent forth by his superiors, and he, a wolf disguised in sheep's clothing, was admitted into the sheepfold. He attracts, he allures, he flatters; the preacher of a new Gospel, he commends drunkenness, condemns frugality; voluntary poverty he calls misery; fasts, vigils, silence, the labour of the hand he styles folly; but, on the contrary, sloth he names contemplation; gluttony, loquacity, inquisitiveness, in short, every kind of excess he calls discretion.<sup>3</sup>

Such freedom of language and vehemence in ecclesiastical controversy not unnaturally made enemies. St. Bernard's activity in the Church was never welcomed by the members of the Papal Curia, of whom he drew such an unflattering portrait in the "*Consideratione*,"<sup>4</sup> and he was charged several times with interference in matters in which he had no concern. Yet it should not be forgotten that he would willingly have passed his whole life in the obscurity of Clairvaux, and that his interference was in response to appeals from without.

Despite these manifest contradictions, a certain consistency binds together St. Bernard's actions and outlook. First, the intensity of his faith, which explains to some extent his intellectual standpoint in matters of theology; and secondly, the supreme criterion to which all his actions were submitted—the superior interest of God's Church. For this he flung himself into controversy, and sacrificed throughout life his own inclinations and affections. He was the first to admit

<sup>1</sup> Ep. 191.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Ep. 188.

<sup>3</sup> Ep. 1.

<sup>4</sup> De Consid. IV. 4.

and deplore his failings. After an almost fierce outburst of anger, he writes with a sincerity born of self-knowledge: "You will forgive the hastiness of my sin. Pardon me, such is my nature," and again, with clear common-sense: "When only one is angry something may still be done; when both wax angry, there is no further profit." This self-knowledge led him to realize that by austerity alone could he achieve sanctity, and hence his life was one of constant mortification of body and will.<sup>1</sup> There is a curious parallel between St. Bernard and his fellow Burgundian, the Bishop of Meaux. We meet the same contradiction in the life of Bossuet, which resolved itself into a contest between humility and pride; but it was the influence of St. Bernard, as it emanated from La Trappe, which saved him from a final surrender. Few men had better opportunity of seeing human nature in all its weakness and unloveliness. Yet although in the strength of his ideals St. Bernard never wavered, as the years passed he grew more tolerant of human weakness. Dante did not err when he chose, as St. Bernard's supreme characteristic, his compelling love.

Although St. Bernard was no scholar in the strict sense of the word, his writings reveal distinct intellectual ability and a real, if somewhat narrow, learning. He quotes Virgil and Ovid; St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Gregory; and curiously enough, he derived many ideas from the sixth century Cassiodorus. His knowledge of the Bible was unusually profound, and in one of the sermons he describes the manner of his study, that "*iucunda ruminatio*"<sup>2</sup> which he practised in the forests of Clairvaux.

It is in the letters and sermons that the man himself can best be studied. The more personal of the former possess a tranquillity and charm that is naturally absent from those on public matters; they tell us much of the circle of friends among which he moved. Into the sermons he poured his philosophy of religion and his experience as a director of souls; while his own spiritual development can be traced in them by the gradual increase in the authority of his teaching, which reaches a powerful climax in the mysticism of the final sermons on the Canticle. They were usually written down at the time of delivery by some of the monks, and the manuscripts circulated among other monasteries, but St. Bernard's own method was to improvise

<sup>1</sup> " . . . a share somewhat strong, but necessary for my soul." Apolog. IV. 7.

<sup>2</sup> In Fest. SS. Petri et Pauli. II, 2.

them after careful meditation on the scriptural text. Hence they are rich in sidelights on the community of Clairvaux, for he made frequent digressions on the daily incidents of their life, and his aim was simple, for he says: "nor is it nearly so much my object to explain words as it is to touch hearts."<sup>1</sup>

From these letters and sermons two main influences emerge: the internal demands made by his duties as monk and abbot, and the ever increasing demands made upon him by the world outside Clairvaux. These are the two great influences of St. Bernard's life, and their story is essentially that of his saintship. Each in turn will be briefly considered.

The passage of eight centuries has left that scene in the Chapter House of Clairvaux near to us still, as we picture the monks quietly assembling amid the lengthening shadows after their work in the hot fields, or before the morning Conventual Mass with its subsequent field-labour. St. Bernard preached at either time. In this dim austere building young and old came together to hear his words, and learn from his lips the mysteries of their vocation. They were attempting to realize that ideal of the cloister which Piers Plowman saw in his "Vision" two centuries later, and although they approached it with all the zeal of pioneers of a new reform, the way was uncertain and dark; St. Bernard alone could give them light. To him they came, each with his aspirations and his sorrows; and with all his passion for souls there were times when the burden was well-nigh insupportable. Once he was driven to appeal to them to spare him needless encroachments on his time, and almost immediately the appeal was withdrawn:

But I reproach myself for making that complaint, lest some timid soul, in his fear of troubling me, should conceal his spiritual needs beyond his power of endurance.<sup>2</sup>

This, at least, he could feel was his true vocation, but it was hindered by the throng of visitors who were drawn to Clairvaux by his fame. At one time guests come to the gate of the monastery at evening, and he breaks off suddenly:

Brethren, it is good for us to be here, but lo! this evil day calleth us away . . . . I will go forth unto the guests, lest anything be found lacking in that love whereof

<sup>1</sup> In Cant. XVI.

<sup>2</sup> In Cant. XLIII. 7.

I am even now discoursing unto you ; lest perchance it be said of us also, " for they say and do not."<sup>1</sup>

At all times is the task of the idealist difficult. Not even St. Bernard, for all his enthusiasm and magnificent vision, could triumph over every obstacle in his path. There were those among his hearers to whom increasing self-knowledge brought constant humiliation and subsequent disillusionment ; some, whose weakness of health required dispensations from the common observance ; others, again, whom no amount of goodwill could enable to see things as St. Bernard saw them, with a forgetfulness of self equal to his own. There are passages in these sermons which bring the feelings of the monks before us with extraordinary vividness. In one place St. Bernard has appealed to them passionately ; what can they hope for, unaided by a real humility and self-distrust ?

You have done well to show me by that little murmur that you do not nourish any such vain expectation, nay that you are not so senseless and that I need not labour so clear a point . . . . . But listen to what remains—or should I not rather stop here, on account of those who are drowsy among you . . . . . For I see some yawning and some already asleep. No wonder—they are excused by the Vigils of last night, which were indeed very long. But what shall I say to those who slept then, and who sleep now all the same ? But I do not wish to put them further to shame ; it is sufficient to have mentioned the fact. Perhaps henceforth they will watch better, and fear to be again remarked.<sup>2</sup>

This human side of a great endeavour appears more than once. But in no way, perhaps, does St. Bernard show to greater advantage than in the encouragement he gave to those whose health was unequal to the full demands of the daily life. In this sympathy, which the asceticism of his own life did nothing to cloud, he displays a truly Benedictine spirit. The following quotation should correct the common impression of the attitude of St. Bernard and the Cistercians in such matters :

For you know that in a community of many members, it is impossible that all should be of one strength, either of body or character ; for the authority of our Rule warns us to bear patiently these infirmities, and that we should

<sup>1</sup> In Cant. III. 6.

<sup>2</sup> In Cant. XXXVI. 7.

condescend in some degree to each, is the bidding of charity. Somebody else sees such a condescension and perhaps begins to envy him with whom he ought to sympathize. Hence it comes about that often in his heart he deems him happy for the very thing which he, taking hardly the necessity under which he labours, considers himself miserable.<sup>1</sup>

St. Bernard never minimized to his monks the demands that their vocation made. He frankly admitted also his own weaknesses and temptations, "the time when his heart was dried up and withered," when his soul "slept in weariness, sad almost to despair and murmuring to itself: '*Quis stabit ante faciem frigoris eius?*'" Yet he never permitted them to relax their efforts towards the ideal so constantly put before them. He could forgive anything except a lack of the will to be better. If it was possible for monks to fall asleep during his sermons, or boast, as he tells us, that "even after they received the sacred habit, they cunningly overthrew someone, or over-reached a brother in some matter of business," there are not wanting signs which reveal the reward he reaped of his teaching.

I assure you, brethren, that if I ever find that any of you have profited by my teaching and warnings, then I do not regret that I have preferred the preaching to you to my own quiet and ease. For when, for example, after a sermon, someone who is passionate is found to have become gentle, a proud mind to have become humble, a timid one brave and strong . . . . I have no ground, I assure you, for feeling sorrow at the interruption of my pursuit of contemplation.<sup>2</sup>

Saintship is the touch of God: to how many, perhaps, of these quiet, patient men did that divine touch come as they sat listening to St. Bernard's words.

In a brief study of St. Bernard the actual story of his activity in the affairs of Church and State can find no place, but it is possible to give some account of his attitude in such matters. First, it must be remembered that St. Bernard's one desire was for a life of solitude and contemplation at Clairvaux. It has been seen how this life of prayer was interrupted in order to govern and direct his community, and that from this again he had to turn to give attention to the

<sup>1</sup> De Diversis. XXXVI.

<sup>2</sup> In Cant. LI. 3.

guests who came crowding to the monastery. The last twenty years of his life were spent in external controversy, and to a man of St. Bernard's temperament, who felt the need for all the discipline which religious life could afford, such external activity was utterly distasteful and distressing. His part in European politics was undertaken from no mean ambition, but for the supreme good of the Church. There is a striking sincerity in the glimpse we catch of him at Milan, preserving a serene indifference amid the crowds that flocked round him to acclaim the miracles of healing that he wrought, refusing the bishoprics that were pressed on him, and using his prestige solely for the welfare of the Church. In this dread of his enforced absence from Clairvaux can be seen his own estimate of the effect such interference in external matters might have on his religious life; an interference which he endeavoured to mitigate on his journeys by following the daily routine of the monastery in so far as was possible.

Twenty-four of the Sermons on the Canticum had been preached by 1137, when St. Bernard was summoned for the third time into Italy, to compose the schism between Innocent II. and Anacletus, which Roger of Sicily was supporting. It was a discouraging task, and from Sicily he wrote to a fellow abbot: "To tell you the truth, I am so affected by the grievous rent made in the Church at large, that my soul is weary of life."<sup>1</sup> The prolonged absence from Clairvaux was a trial more real. In 1135 he had written to his monks:

Nor is it my only trouble that I am forced for a time to live apart from you . . . . but there is added to this that I am forced to live among things which altogether disturb the tranquillity of my soul, and perhaps are little in harmony with the end of the monastic life.<sup>2</sup>

Now, two years later, he writes again more emphatically:

This is now the third time, if I mistake not, that my children have been taken from me . . . . O good Jesus, is my whole life to waste away in grief, and my years in mourning?<sup>3</sup>

Sick at heart, St. Bernard dragged himself back to Clairvaux, utterly broken in health. In the same year his brother Gerard, the cellarer of Clairvaux, died, and his death occasioned what is possibly the best-known of the sermons. His discourse on the Canticum had been begun as usual, when suddenly all the feeling that was pent up within him, the sensibility he

<sup>1</sup> Ep. 141.

<sup>2</sup> Ep. 143.

<sup>3</sup> Ep. 144.



had fought so hard to crush, burst forth with a vehemence that would not be restrained. There are few documents of the Middle Ages so human.

. . . . . I was weak in body and he sustained me ; I was of feeble spirit and he strengthened me ; I was slothful and negligent and he urged me on ; improvident and neglectful and he reminded me of my duty . . . . . Already cares are breaking in upon me, already anxieties hitherto unknown, press upon me on all sides, difficulties and annoyances from every quarter seek me, because I am alone. . . . .

With almost a trace of bitterness in his words, he continues :

My very bowels are torn away ; and it is said to me, "Do not feel any pain." But I do feel pain, and this in spite of myself ; I have not the insensibility of a stone, nor is my flesh of bronze. Someone has called this carnal ; I do not deny that it is human, just as I do not deny that I am a man . . . . . And let no one blame my tears ; for Jesus wept at Lazarus's tomb. His tears bore witness to His nature, not to His lack of faith. So these tears of mine . . . . .<sup>1</sup>

There is perhaps a freedom of expression about this funeral sermon which is alien to the feeling of our time ; but it would be wrong to read into a twelfth-century document the feelings of a more reticent age. A few days later he recurs again to the burden of care which was becoming daily more pressing, and almost as it were, in an agony of despair for the safety of his own soul, buries himself in a deeper humility and self-abasement.

I am accustomed to blame myself for having undertaken the care of souls when I am not sufficient to guard and keep my own soul . . . . . It behoved those persons who set me as keeper of their vineyards, to consider previously whether I had kept my own. Yet alas ! how long did that remain untilled and desert, and became a mere solitude . . . . . How great the ravages which carnal greediness, or lukewarmness of spirit, or weakness and timidity of disposition, or sudden temptation, have worked in my soul. In such a state was I, and yet they set me as keeper of their vineyards.

<sup>1</sup> In Cant. XXVI.

Then, on the peril to his soul of the overwhelming cares of business, he continues :

It is over-run in all quarters with anxieties, suspicions, cares, and there is scarcely an hour that is left free from the crowd of discordant applicants, from the trouble and care of business. I have no power to stop their coming and no possibility of refusing to see them, and they do not leave me even the time to pray.<sup>1</sup>

As the years passed his desire for rest grew stronger. In 1143 St. Bernard wrote to Peter the Venerable :

I have determined not to leave the monastery again except for the annual meeting of abbots at Cîteaux. Here supported by your prayers and good offices, I will await the few remaining days of my warfare until my change comes . . . . . I am broken in strength and have a valid excuse for not travelling about as I used to do. I will sit still and be silent.<sup>2</sup>

Yet these last ten years of peace were denied him, and filled instead with an activity that culminated in the Second Crusade, which was to prove so disastrous a venture.

There is no questioning the sincerity of these letters ; the real tragedy of these last years is contained in the one sentence : " And they do not leave me even the time to pray." St. Bernard himself describes this period of his life as " the season of misfortunes," for the failure of the Crusade brought a storm of criticism upon him from all parts of Europe ; and, what was for him far worse, the discovery that his secretary Nicholas had repaid his confidence and friendship by treachery and betrayal. A man less great would have been crushed beneath the two-fold burden which had weighed upon him throughout life, but St. Bernard had recognized and accepted his own peculiar vocation, and it is the success with which he remained to the end in spirit a true monk, which constitutes his chief claim to the title of saint. This vocation had brought with it one defect, for his position as the unchallenged leader of his age gave him doubtless a certain love of domination and hatred of opposition. The explanation lies in the different sense of values which inspired all his actions, the unity of purpose and the rigid ideal, to which, in the abstract, the ordinary man would scarcely have responded apart from the appeal of his personality.

It is surely remarkable that within fifty years of St. Bernard's

<sup>1</sup> In Cant. XXX. 6-7.

<sup>2</sup> Ep. CCXXVIII.

death most of the causes for which he had fought so ardently were lost. The efforts he had made to crush heresy, and to harmonize the relations of Church and State, had little permanent influence; even Clairvaux itself was fated to enter upon a period of decline during the following centuries, and there were other failures mingled with his political successes. Where, then, are we to find some abiding impress of his labours? When success and failure have been balanced one with another, the real greatness of St. Bernard must lie in the extent to which he realized, in his own life, the philosophy which he proudly called the loftiest in the world.<sup>1</sup> "To know Jesus and Him crucified." A man's ultimate value to the world lies not so much in what he did as in the ideas and ideals for which he lived. For the true expression of St. Bernard's ideals we must turn to the sermons wherein he formulated his spiritual teaching, in all its clearness and simplicity; based on self-knowledge and the knowledge he possessed to such an exceptional degree of the hearts of his fellow-men; and inspired by a deep sense of the greatness of man and his indebtedness to God; "What shall I render unto the Lord, for all the things that He hath rendered to me?"<sup>2</sup> In the religious sphere, St. Bernard's influence rests on the new departure which his spiritual writings made: the emphasis laid on devotion to the Humanity of our Lord, to the mysteries of the Childhood, Passion and Crucifixion; so essential for the development of affective piety when the intellectual tendencies of the age are considered. All this teaching, which St. Bernard centred on a well-known sentence—"ama nesciri, laudet te os alienum, sileat tuum"<sup>3</sup>—was destined to inspire one of the greatest of all books, the Imitation of Christ.<sup>4</sup> This, then, was his great work: to provide what was possibly the greatest influence on Catholic piety of the later Middle Ages and modern times.<sup>5</sup> St. Bernard stands undoubtedly nearer to us to-day than many of the great figures in that shadowy procession which passes across the last eight hundred years. Thirty years alone divide his death from the birth of St. Francis of Assisi, and of all the medieval saints these two impressed themselves most strongly on their times. Can we say to-day that their influence is no longer with us?

ADRIAN MOREY, O.S.B.

<sup>1</sup> In Cant. XLIII. 4.

<sup>2</sup> In Nativ. Dni. III. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Post. Oct. Epiph. Sermon. II. 3.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Imitatio, Bk. I. ch. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Père Pourrat "La Spiritualité Chrétienne," and Inge "Christian Mysticism," p. 140.

## THE MYSTICAL TENDENCY IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE

TO those who look at contemporary French literature through Catholic eyes the most striking tendencies are not those which most impress the ordinary non-Catholic observer, whether the latter be friendly or unfriendly to France. What is most striking to us Catholics is a movement among the best French writers towards mysticism, a mysticism, it will be well understood, which is consonant with the essential qualities of the Latin genius and avoids the pitfalls to which such developments are always liable. Too much French ability is devoted to unwholesome themes. Those who wish well to France must wish well also to the Abbé Bethléem in his campaign against salacious literature, and few who know the facts can consider that campaign either unnecessary or exaggerated. Misconceptions about French literature, as we have had occasion to remark before, are common in this country and they are of various kinds. On the one hand are those who condemn a great and noble literature on the strength of its least worthy examples; on the other those who praise it on the same ground, finding indecency witty if only it be expressed in the Gallic tongue. This second group is not entirely without a shadow of excuse. There is something in the texture of the French language which makes for wit and epigram. In the pages of a Voltaire or an Anatole France it is easy to be seduced into the soul-destroying heresy, for which Newman castigated Burke, that "vice itself lost half its evil in losing all its grossness." The brilliant sensualist of "L'Ile des Pingouins" could distil a subtle poison in a score of volumes without contravening his own blasphemous precept that bad taste is the sin against the Holy Ghost for which there is no forgiveness. His English imitators are rarely so fortunate, nor are all French writers. The fact is that much unadulterated nonsense is talked about French literature by those who are most anxious to praise it. Maupassant certainly was a great master of the construction of the short story, but his praises have been sung *ad nauseam* in this country by people totally incapable of judging literary technique and seeking only a respectable cover for their enjoyment of sordid themes. The literary snob is always abroad in the land.

From a more critical point of view the literature of France is worthy of study. In spite of the heresy already quoted, Burke had much of wisdom in his "Reflections on the French Revolution," and he was happily inspired when he wrote that if the stream be muddied in France it cannot for long run clear with us. For the Latin mind has a way of drawing out the essentials and setting them down clearly. In the literature of this country and of Germany we find tendencies, lines of development, but they are like a maze to which we do not hold the key. We are tempted to forget that we live in a Universe, that all these divergent sensations must somewhere find their point of reconciliation or a touchstone by which some will be accepted and others thrown aside. The invaluable function of the Latin mind is to call us away from this vagueness, to remind us that the human intelligence must seek precision and definition and remains defeated so long as it cannot find them. No doubt the variety and richness of life will elude our definitions and burst any purely human system, and it is well that it should be so, but the Latin genius, of which France is the inheritor, will never let us forget in which direction we should set our faces. This is true of the Frenchman even when he has bowed down to false gods. André Gide is hardly a model of the Latin spirit, but he tells us in "Si Le Grain Ne Meurt" how this truth was forced upon him.

Quand je rouvre aujourd'hui [he writes] mes *Cahiers d'André Walter*, leur ton jaculatoire m'exaspère. J'affectionnais en ce temps les mots qui laissent à l'imagination pleine licence, tels qu' *incertain, infini indicible* . . . . Les mots de ce genre, qui abondent dans la langue allemande, lui donnaient à mes yeux un caractère particulièrement poétique. Je ne compris que beaucoup plus tard que le caractère propre de la langue française est de tendre à la précision.

Two main characteristics of the Latin genius must impress any observer. The first is this desire for precision, the second "l'instinct de la mesure," to which Anatole France continually made his appeal and by which he was saved if not from vice at least, with rare exceptions, from grossness. And recent tendencies in French literature are most conveniently studied with these two characteristics in mind. Forgetfulness of the second has produced the present harvest of crudely indecent

books. The movement here is one of pure degeneracy and needs only a passing mention.

More interesting is the present attitude of the best French minds, under the stress of the period in which we live, to the element of precision, of the clear-cut, in their language and in their thought. There is a feeling, perhaps more urgent than ever before, of its incompleteness. It is a self-evident error to assume that any one type of human intelligence can meet all the needs of humanity. If "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men" He has in His infinite wisdom created them with greatly differing minds, and the thought that these varying minds can be other than complementary borders on the blasphemous. To be in a general sense anti-Latin or anti-Teutonic is to confess to a severely limited culture, though it is quite a rational proceeding to argue that it is of this or that type of culture that any given country may stand in need at any particular time. It is fair criticism to point out how deplorable was the dominance of Teutonic influences in the England of the 19th century and no one has done so more aptly than Sir Arthur Quiller Couch.

It has probably been the salvation of our literature, [he writes], that in the 14th century the Latin prevailed over the Anglo-Saxon line of its descent, and that in the forming of our verse as well as of our prose, we had, at the critical moments, the literatures of Latin races, Italian or French, for models and correctives; as it was the misfortune of the Victorian period before 1865 that its men of genius wrote with eyes turned inward upon themselves, or, if outward, upon that German literature which, for all its great qualities, must ever be dangerous to Englishmen because it flatters and encourages their special faults.

French, with or without tears, we must have, if our inherent weaknesses are not to destroy us. But our concern now is with France and her own recurring sense of incompleteness. Her attempts at self-medication have rarely been particularly successful. That other diathesis of the western mind, which we may roughly call Teutonic, is one that her system tolerates badly. Perhaps it is a patriotic delusion, but it has appeared to the present writer that while the Englishman has succeeded with comparative frequency in modifying his basic Teutonism by an infusion of the Latin spirit, neither the Frenchman nor the German has often been successful in correcting his defects



by a corresponding process. The German mind, for the most part, rejects Latin culture, and rare is the Frenchman who can find a mean between total abstinence and intoxication where *Deutschtum* is concerned.

But the needs of the human spirit remain and no single type of thought is capable of satisfying them. Were it otherwise, national churches might be defensible and the psychological necessity for that great synthesis which is Catholicism would not exist. To our minds there must always be something unsatisfying in Latin literature at its best. It stops short of regions in which we wish to wander. Admirable in analysis, invaluable as a corrective to our vagrant fancies, it is very liable to give an impression of aridity and coldness. The French themselves have felt it. Sometimes they "teutonicize" with deplorable results; Madame Guyon represents the wreck of the French mind, stretching out after the mystical element in religion. It is not altogether fanciful to find in the irreverent wit of the cultivated French mind, the irony that often passes the frontiers of the blasphemous, an effect of defeated mysticism. No doubt it is true that

To think that two and two make four  
And never five nor three,  
The heart of man has long been sore—  
And long 'tis like to be.

The Teutonic spirit has a facile remedy for this condition. It postulates a Higher Unity in which two and two make anything you please, where Being is resolved into Becoming, and all is comfortably vague. Hence, the rise of Kantianism, Hegelianism and the whole modern school of thinking from which Pope Leo XIII. and his successors have called us away. It is clearly the mind of the Church that on this terrestrial globe two and two should always make four. Aristotle was not a doctor of the Church; it is presumably permissible, though temerarious, to criticize St. Thomas Aquinas. But Pope Leo XIII. has told us (*Pascendi*) and Pope Pius XI. has repeated it (*Studiorum Ducem*): "Aquinatem deserere, praesertim in re metaphysica, non sine magno detrimento esse." The Catholic Church is not "the Italian mission," but it is the Catholic and Latin Church, and we are bound to hold that there is something which is at one and the same time pre-eminently Latin and of universal application. If Divine Providence chose the Hebrew race as the vessel of

election under the old dispensation, it is through Rome and the Latin genius that we receive the new.

How does the Latin mind react at periods of emotional stress to the conflicting demands of spiritual and intellectual satisfaction? From this point of view the recent work of Paul Bourget is particularly interesting. Probably there is not now living a more accomplished master of psychological analysis. In his novels and his critical studies he has pictured the human mind at grips with the complications of modern life. Contemporary fallacies are traced to their origins in human weakness and their conclusion in social and individual disaster. This is a great and useful work. It is well to be shown in "*Le Disciple*" the issue of a false doctrine, however sincerely and unselfishly taught, and in "*Un Divorce*" the consequences of a false conception of marriage. In all this, however, we are on what may be called the purely naturalistic plane. The higher levels of Christian experience are not touched; there is no effort to penetrate beneath the surface of human life, to ask its meaning and purpose, and to find the answer in a mystical interpretation. With the Great War and all that followed it the insufficiency of a purely analytical attitude became apparent. "After the French defeat at Sedan," Francis Grierson has reminded us, "Ernest Renan put away optimism like a worn and useless garment." When death and devastation stalked through France in 1914 the witty phrase, the polished retort, were found inadequate. Face to face with death on a larger scale than ever before, men and women asked in Paris, as they asked in London and Berlin: "What is the meaning of it all?" To some minds an irrational universe is credible, but it is this which the Latin intelligence refuses persistently to accept. And so, by way of French logic, French realism, the road was made straight to mysticism. Only by a mystical interpretation can the facts of life be fitted into a rational order.

At the end of 1915 Paul Bourget published a novel which by its very title marked a new point of departure in his work: "*Le Sens de la Mort*." The action turns upon two men faced with this same problem of the meaning of life and death. One is Dr. Ortégue, the best type of positive scientist, entirely free of any belief in the supernatural, devoting his days to an unrelenting and brilliant fight with disease and suffering. The other is a young French officer, Lieutenant Le Gallic, with no great intellectual power, but a firm faith in the religion

in which he has been brought up. To these two men comes tragedy. The doctor is injured in a motor accident—"le plus stupide accident"—and a latent tendency to internal disease is lighted up. At the time when his services, uniquely valuable, are most needed, he is put out of action.

Suppose that He exists, this God of yours [says the doctor] and take my case. . . . Well, He is good; He is just; He created me, Michel Ortègue, so that when I am fifty years old, rich, celebrated, married to a wife I adore, all this happiness is to be brutally torn away from me, though I have done nothing in my life but minister to the sorrowful and cure those who are condemned to death. What is the surgery of the nerves but just that? And it is at the time when I can be most useful that I am stricken down! With modern weapons, there will be more wounds of the brain and spinal cord in this war than in any other. And men will die, they will remain paralytics or idiots, or become blind because Michel Ortègue, who could have saved them, will die himself of this absurd cancer. Caused by what? By the most stupid accident.

Here we have the reaction of Dr. Ortègue to what seems the blind brutality of Fate. Let us hear Lt. Le Gallic, who lies wounded in Dr. Ortègue's hospital. "En avant, la bonne morphine," says the doctor. "Car enfin, souffrir, à quoi cela sert-il?"

"For payment," replied Le Gallic in the same tone of profound conviction.

"Payment for what?" demanded Ortègue.

"Why, our faults," said Le Gallic, and then, after a moment's hesitation, he added, "and those of others."

"Our faults! Well, let that pass," said Ortègue. "And yet . . ." He, too, hesitated for a second, and went on bitterly: "Our faults? As if we ever asked to be born! By what right can whoever forced life upon us demand an account of it?" Then, passionately: "But the faults of others? Others?" he repeated. "But see! It is monstrous. Pardon me, my dear Ernest, if I shock you."

"No," said Le Gallic. "You pain me. Since all life leads to suffering and to death, if pain and suffering have

not this meaning, if they are not a ransom, what meaning have they? And what meaning has life?"

"None," said Ortégue.

*Souffrir, à quoi cela sert-il? Quel sens a la vie?* Here are the two essential questions, and, with the skill which never fails him, Bourget depicts for us the development of these two men with their different answers. Dr. Ortégue's philosophy leads him to decide upon suicide in which his wife promises to join him. The narrator, into whose mouth the story is put, makes an effort to restrain her, only to be met with a perfectly logical retort from her own premises.

"Que lui répondre?" he asks. "Au nom de quoi en effet lui donner tort?"

Finally, we have the situation summed up coldly, rationally and scientifically and the conclusion is that a remorseless application of the practical temper demands the mystical answer, superficially so discordant with that temper, that pain and suffering must be expiatory if life have any meaning at all, if it be not "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Look at the facts . . . . . I see on one side a superior man, Ortégue, strengthened with all intellectual weapons, loaded with the favours of destiny. Death suddenly presents itself before him. He meets it with a certain doctrine. It will not adapt itself. Death represents to him the wiping out of all his sentimental nature and the deepest energies of his life revolt against it. It represents the complete erasure of his intellectual activity . . . . . This total annihilation of his being he ends by accepting with a pathetic grandeur, but it is the grandeur of a thunderstruck resignation. It is the spirit bowed down in a gesture of despairing powerlessness under the pressure of irresistible forces, sovereign but monstrous to him, because they have produced only to destroy . . . . . On the other hand, I find a very simple man, Le Gallic, a man of action but of how modest an action. His intellectual representation of the world seems equally modest. He did not form his doctrine, he received it. Ortégue despises him. Is he right? Does not a Le Gallic, without knowing it, bring to the interpretation of life the residue of the experience of the ages? Death comes to

him, too. This traditional doctrine enables him to accept it at once, to make it the material of his efforts, a cause of enrichment for himself and others. His sentimental nature adapts itself because, according to this doctrine, he can offer his suffering, his agony, with the conviction that it is a sacrifice available for those whom he loves. His intellectual nature adapts itself equally. He affirms it himself when he speaks of his salvation. Salvation is to keep alive what is best in one's being. His resignation is enthusiasm, joy, love. Where the other fails, he triumphs. Where the other renounces, he affirms. For an Ortégue death is a catastrophic phenomenon of the nature of a trap, an absurdity. For a Le Gallic, it is a consummation, an accomplishment. What do we conclude? That of these two hypotheses concerning death, of which I have watched the working out in these two men, one is workable, the other not.

In his latest book, "*Nos Actes Nous Suivent*," Bourget develops the same doctrine and brings it nearer to the heart of the Christian mystery. A young American, reading over the confessions left by his dead father, finds that this latter has led a double life. Known to the world as the American, Georges Muller, he is really a Frenchman, Fresnelay, who was a Communard in Paris in 1870. By the friendly offices of a priest, he was able to get away and witnessed the lynching by the Paris crowd of a man believed to be himself. By one of those extraordinary paralyses of the moral nature, he finds himself unable to come forward and announce his identity; in a panic he even joins in the cries which precede the murder of the man mistaken for himself. The whole of the rest of his life is built upon this and in his last days, as the confession indicates, he is contemplating returning to France to make reparation. Sudden death prevents his carrying out this intention. It is this document that the son reads and determines to take upon himself his father's debt, find out who was the murdered man, what had been the consequences of the murder and how far they can be undone.

It will be seen that a number of principles are implied here. First, that reparation must be made for wrong done. Second, there is the doctrine of solidarity by which the son feels responsible for the debt incurred by the father. The father died agnostic and the son has lost his faith. Yet he does not

question the obligation which lies upon him. But, presenting himself in Paris, he finds that the wrong done is irreparable. A family has grown up without a father, under a sense of bitterness and wrong with results that are now fixed. Nothing can make it as though that moral abdication of Fresnelay had never taken place.

It is with these difficulties that he goes to explain matters to the priest who had helped his father. The priest accepts his view of the obligation and assumes the young man to be a Catholic.

"No, monsignor. I told you just now that I was Catholic, but I am now only a nominal one; I am what the positivists call an agnostic."

"What exactly do you mean by that?" demanded the prelate.

"That we cannot know causes or substances, but only appearances."

"What, then, becomes of morality according to this doctrine, and particularly of obligation? Your visit to me to-day, sir, presupposes that you believe in duty . . . . You have said, 'My father had this debt towards the vicar of Notre-Dame-de-La-Croix. This debt the vicar has certainly forgotten. No civil law compels me to pay it and yet I owe it.' In the name of what?"

*Au nom de quoi?* It is the same question. What is the reason, the logical justification of that sense of duty, of a debt, which people of good breeding possess in spite of themselves. We conceive humanity as a whole, the son is responsible for the obligations of the father, wrong demands reparation. Why? But the matter does not end there. With this imperious need of reparation goes the fact that reparation can never be adequate. The monsignor pushes the analysis to its last point.

"We have to thank God, my child, for His grace in making you see this debt and understand the sense of it. This solidarity of the blood, which demands that a son must pay for his father, what is it but another illustration of the dogma on which the whole of Christianity rests; that of substitution, the ransom of the guilty by the innocent? What name do we give to Him? The Redeemer."

His finger pointed to a Crucifix over his desk:



"And when we cannot ransom ourselves we need a supplement of expiation; it is there."

There is no need to follow the details of the story. The essentials of the argument by which, in these two books, we are led through accepted facts to a theological and mystical interpretation is clear. First of all, pain and suffering are the inevitable accompaniments and ending of human life. Either that life and its accompaniments are meaningless or they have a significance. If they have a meaning, it must be that the pain is a payment, a ransom. Clearly the pain and suffering of the individual are not proportioned to his own individual misdeeds. Pain must be, then, in the words of Le Gallic, a ransom for the faults of ourselves and others. But this sense of human solidarity is present independently of theological dogma. It is our common sentiment that we are members one of another, the son will feel responsibility for the debts of the father. Humanity, feeling its solidarity and need of reparation, yet finds by experience its own incapacity for complete reparation. Even the gods, as the Greeks said, cannot undo the past. In other words, a supplement of expiation is needed. Thus we are led to the very heart of the Christian mystery, the Crucifix, with the innocent God bearing the sins of guilty humanity. "Ecce Agnus Dei, qui tollit peccata mundi." Mysticism and logic are no longer two opposing aspects of human life, but are reconciled in that great synthesis which is the Catholic Faith. This, as it seems to us, is the most significant and healthy development of modern French literature.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

## GERMAN PRISON-CAMPS: RELIGIOUS AND OTHER ASPECTS 1914 - 1918

[The writer from whose notes the following pages are extracted took leave of the cloister on August 3rd, 1914, to rejoin his regiment in France, as he was bound to do in the event of mobilization, and it was as a combatant that he was taken prisoner at Maubeuge (September 7, 1914) and led into captivity in Germany. Disarmed, the Padre exercised his priestly ministry among the allied prisoners in several camps during a period of 45 months. Restored safely to his cloister after the Armistice he committed his reminiscences to writing, in the third person, under the title *Super flumina Babylonis*, these rivers of Babylon being the Rhine, the Weser, and the Danube. These recollections, until now unpublished, form the source of the subjoined pages.—L.G.]

**A***T Rennbahn Camp near Münster in Westphalia.*—Dom P.D. had not once had the consolation of celebrating Mass since he left his depot on August 14, 1914. At last, however, on Sunday, October 18, he was able to say Mass for the prisoners of Rennbahn Camp near Münster in Westphalia, where he had arrived five weeks earlier. The Mass was offered up in the place which became, a few days later, the guard-room. Non-commissioned officers filled the interior while the men followed the Mass from outside through three open windows. The liturgical requisites were provided by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of Issoudun, who had a house in the neighbourhood of the camp, at Hiltrup. One of the religious of this house had called the day before at the camp, accompanied by the Rev. Professor Schmidlin of Münster University. It was to the last-named priest, an Alsatian by birth and a man distinguished by his learning, that the military authorities confided the organization and direction of Catholic worship in the camp. Dr. Schmidlin, whose speciality is the scientific study of missions (*Missionswissenschaft*), devoted himself wholeheartedly to this apostolic work. Later on he even founded at Rennbahn a kind of seminary for the French Church students among the prisoners, and appointed as professors French priests who had also fallen into captivity. His enter-

prise worked well for more than a year, until one day the German authorities, suddenly alarmed by groundless rumours, closed the seminary and dispersed the students.

At this time, October, 1914, there were already several priests in captivity in the camps near Münster. Dom P.D. was particularly associated with Father Leveugle, a Franciscan of Menin, Belgium, a man of indefatigable priestly zeal, and who afterwards gained a well-deserved popularity among the French and Belgian soldiers.

In days when the German newspapers, thoroughly alarmed at the happenings on the Marne, had ceased to print the official communiqué, and merely published vague generalities, it is easy to realize that the most fantastic "canards" circulated among the prisoners. The prisoners, however, were always thorough optimists and regarded the end of the war as an event of the very near future. If anyone had suggested that there would be prisoners of war in Germany on January 1, 1915, he would certainly have become the object of general ridicule.

One day, early in October, arrived a little batch of French soldiers, newly captured on the Marne. They told with enthusiasm of those historic days which had just saved France. There was great exultation in the camp that day, and at night more than one, as he lay down to rest upon his poor paillasse, soothed himself to sleep with the sweet hope of spending All Saints' Day in the bosom of his family.

*At St. Joseph's House, Paderborn.*—On October 24, the Padre was transferred by order of the authorities to the convent of the Society of the Sisters of Christian Charity at Paderborn, and with him about twelve other French priests drawn from different camps. Part of the convent, converted into a hospital, sheltered a number of British, French and also German wounded officers and men. The doyen of this group of priests assembled at St. Joseph's House, thanks to the solicitude of the then Bishop Schulte of Paderborn, now Cardinal at Cologne, a man animated by the spirit of charity of a Paulinus of Nola, was the Venerable Abbé Renard, parish priest of Chevreigny, Aisne. He had been brutally taken from his parish, imprisoned under a futile pretext and then deported to the camp at Senne, near Paderborn. As a seminarist, in 1870, M. Renard had taken part in the campaign, and this was his second experience of war-time captivity. When he was released in February, 1915, his

confrères, knowing that he would return to that part of the diocese of Soissons which was close to the front, strongly recommended him to avoid being taken a third time by the invaders.

The interned priests and the wounded officers and men cared for in the hospital were very grateful indeed to the Sisters for the attention received at their hands. Nevertheless, one day our Tommies and Poilus considered themselves justified in making a modest request. "Beer soup" made its appearance on the menu, a preparation which accorded but ill with French as well as with English culinary notions. Their ordinary beverage being water, our soldiers asked the Sisters whether it would not be possible in future to serve beer and soup separately.

On Saturday and Sunday, each week, two or three of the priests interned at Paderborn journeyed to the prisoners' camp at Senne, situated about five kilometres from the town, to help in their ministry the two resident chaplains. This gave the Padre several opportunities of meeting Dr. Rosenberg, the religious instructor at the Gymnasium at Paderborn, to whose care the military authorities had confided the "Pastoration" of the Catholic prisoners of war. This ecclesiastic became known, several months later, as the author of the German reply to Mgr. Baudrillart's publication, *La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme*. Dr. Rosenberg willingly entrusted the priestly ministry to the French ecclesiastics and to a zealous German Jesuit, a man both learned and modest. This was Fr. Karl Meyer, who has, we may hope, received the full reward of his devoted labours, for God called him to Himself in 1916.

Dom P.D. was associated with Father Meyer in the preparation of a collection of prayers for the use of English-speaking Catholic prisoners of war. The booklet, *Prayers and hymns compiled from approved sources*, was first printed in January, 1915. When it was reprinted, a few months later, the military censor thought fit to suppress Fr. Meyer's dedication of the first edition: *To the Catholic soldiers of the British Army, prisoners of war at Sennelager*.

Our priest prisoner left Paderborn on St. Patrick's Day, 1915, for St. Joseph's Abbey, Coesfeld, where he was warmly welcomed by his German confrères.

*At Dülmen Camp.*—Transferred to the prison-camp situated between the little towns of Dülmen and Haltern in

Westphalia, on April 4, 1916, and entrusted with the spiritual care of the Catholic English-speaking soldiers, the chaplain was soon dispensing both spiritual and temporal consolations to his large flock. The first patient to whom he administered the last Sacraments, and whom he subsequently buried, was an Irish soldier, 22 years old, Private Peter Joseph Keegan, of Carlow, who, wounded on May 21, 1916, died a most edifying death a week later, a victim of tetanus.

Epidemics of typhus, cerebro-spinal meningitis and scarlatina made terrible ravages in several camps. At Dülmen most of the deaths were due to tuberculosis, pneumonia and general exhaustion. Inadequate medical attention and the insufficiency of food and medicaments hastened the death of many of the patients. A crowd of Russians, already worn out by the campaign and, after their capture, by a long spell of fatigue duty behind the lines in Russia or France, came to finish their lingering death from starvation in German "Lazarettes." At the head of the beds of such as these, the doctors wrote in chalk the letters Z.K., meaning "Zweckmässige Kost," words translated by the orderlies as "starvation diet." In the case of a certain number of other Allies death may be assigned to similar causes.

During the days which followed the arrival of these famished Russians, pale and emaciated, looking like ghosts in their long ragged cloaks, the death-rate mounted to eight or even ten per day. The available attendants were quite unable to keep pace with the number of burials, and the carpenters were obliged to work by night to make the coffins. It was in the midst of this misery, among these dying men, the prey of every kind of physical and moral suffering, that the Padre exercised his ministry of religious consolations and human comfort.

He had notably to prepare for death a certain number of Catholic Poles and Lithuanians. Ignorant of Slavonic languages, he was obliged to have recourse to a number of different devices for entering into communication with these poor souls, who were generally animated by deep religious feelings and a touching goodwill.

If the patient was a Pole and able to read, the task of hearing his confession was easy. With the help of a polyglot examination of conscience giving a series of questions in Polish with a parallel French translation, the priest was able to understand his penitent, who indicated on his fingers the

number of grave sins. The priest then gave him to read the prayers in preparation for the last Sacraments. If the patient could not read, but could speak a little German, the confession could be made in that language. Failing this, the confessor applied himself to the task of asking the questions in Polish as well as he could do so. As for the Lithuanians, those who knew no German were obliged to confess their sins direct to God, for the polyglot manual gave no questions in their language. The priest then gave them absolution.

In these cases it was important to make certain that the patient was really a Catholic, and not Orthodox or Jew; consequently, when it was impossible to talk to him, the following process became very necessary. Having shown the penitent a Crucifix or a holy picture in order to awaken his religious feelings, the chaplain began to make the Sign of the Cross, but would pause before touching his left shoulder, and suggest to the patient, by taking his hand, that he imitate the action. If, in making the Sign of the Cross, the man touched his right shoulder first, the chances were greatly in favour of his being Orthodox. If, on the other hand, he signed himself in the Roman way, the priest had to make him understand the expediency of receiving the last Sacraments without delay. This was effected by means of pictures showing a man at confession, or receiving Holy Viaticum, or being anointed. These intuitive Slavs understood at once the invitation which the priest wished to convey, and it only remained for him to administer the last rites to these poor members of Christ's family.

The study of languages became the favourite pastime of many prisoners, in such a Babel where nearly every tongue of the civilized world might be heard, and where one might see a Breton from Finistère trying to make himself understood by a Welsh Tommy, and a Dutch Africander conversing easily in his mother tongue with a Fleming from Belgium or France.

Officials of neutral consulates or embassies sometimes visited the camp. They chatted with the prisoners and listened to their complaints, but often in the presence of a German officer who understood the language of the prisoners. Such an official from the Dutch Embassy at Berlin came to Minden Camp in 1917 to receive the complaints of the British prisoners. He was accompanied from hut to hut by



a German captain who understood all that was said in English. As a protection against the possible animus of this officer, an Africander exposed in Dutch the grievances of his comrades.

As may be supposed, news from the countries engaged in the war was awaited with the utmost eagerness. The only French newspapers authorized in the camps were those published under German control: *La Gazette de Lorraine*, *Le Bruxellois*, the infamous *Gazette des Ardennes*, and the Berlin paper *La Paix*, a kind of weekly edition of the *Gazette des Ardennes*. The two last-named sheets especially were the vehicles of false news, aiming at the demoralization of the prisoners. The *Gazette des Ardennes* published lists of the prisoners newly captured together with the names of the camps to which they had been assigned, and it was this feature alone which won the *Gazette* the patronage of its few readers. The *Continental Times*, published on the same lines, was destined for British prisoners. For the benefit of the Italians an Italian edition of *La Paix*, *La Pace*, was issued. When a specimen copy was posted up in the Italian quarters at Minden by order of the *Kommandantur*, the French in the neighbouring huts heard a loud and unusual outcry. The explanation was soon forthcoming. Some of the Italians were unable to read, and so asked their less illiterate comrades what it was that the Germans had just displayed. On receiving the answer, "*La Pace*," these simple souls at once concluded that peace had been signed. Hence the joyful shouts which had been heard on all sides.

Certain German dailies were tolerated in the camps, but very few of the prisoners could read them, still less read them intelligently. Nevertheless, all were hungry for news. "Anything fresh, Padre?" was the daily question of a Scottish N.C.O. busily engaged in knitting his winter pull-over on the step of the hut. Everyone looked for news from the chaplain, who read the German papers, and this decided him to publish, each evening, at least the Allies' communiqué. His translation was read in the huts after supper, unknown to the Germans.

It was very necessary to procure for the prisoners, young and old, learned or ignorant, belonging to every class of society, distractions to counteract the enervating effect of this abnormal life. Physical culture was by no means neglected, and in this the example of the Britishers was useful to the

other Allies. On May 7, 1916, took place the inauguration of a theatre built in the camp by the prisoners from funds provided by the American branch of the Y.M.C.A. Under the clever management of a French prisoner, M. Jean Bourbon, a Parisian actor, and thanks to the help of men of talent and goodwill, extraordinary results were obtained. Scenery was painted by prisoner painters. Actors and "actresses"—the latter rôles often sustained to perfection by young men whose physique lent itself to female impersonation—were dressed by camp tailors, several of whom were "tailleurs pour dames" in civil life, and whose good taste would have occasioned Gretchen much envy. In addition, the management was able to recruit a sufficient number of good instrumentalists from among the French, British and Belgians to form an orchestra.

Music, comedy, song, exhibitions of boxing and acrobatic displays were not the only attractions to the camp theatre. Series of lectures were arranged in English and French and upon a variety of subjects, which were very well attended.

In a hut, like any of the other huts of the camp, the chapel was soon installed. Modest though it was, this house of prayer, surmounted by the cross, became the spiritual centre of the strange agglomeration. The Blessed Sacrament dwelt in the tabernacle, and this tabernacle was the source of light and comfort to the many poor suffering souls who came to it for rest and consolation. A real "bird's-eye view" of the Catholic Church was to be seen by those who assisted at the Sunday services in this little chapel. There might be seen, gathered round the altar, French and Belgians, khaki-clad soldiers from the British Isles and Dominions, Italians, Blacks, Poles and Lithuanians,—we had almost added "Cretes and Arabians!"—all united in the same Faith, and partaking of the same Sacraments. The Catholic chapel was truly international, whereas the Anglican services were frequented only by the British, and where there was a "Pope" only the Slavs took part in the Russian liturgy. It was important, therefore, to utilize the apologetic value of these religious gatherings, both to comfort and encourage the faithful by showing them the wide horizon of Christian brotherhood and to bring the indifferent and the unbelievers into the one true fold. A certain number of such unbelievers used to come through curiosity to assist at the Catholic services; and who can say that the conversions which took place in the camp

were not inspired, partly at least, by these palpable proofs of the unity and catholicity of our Faith! On great feasts, the congregation at High Mass far exceeded the capacity of the chapel. On these occasions, there were usually present, dressed in their best uniforms, a number of French prisoners who would miss Mass without scruple on ordinary Sundays, but who were never absent on the four great feasts officially recognized by the now abolished Concordat. These intermittent worshippers were popularly known as the "concordataires."

On Holy Saturday, 1916, the Padre prepared some twenty Poles and Lithuanians for their Easter Communion. A Jew from Warsaw, with whom he had previously broken the ice by means of a tin of sardines and a few biscuits, had given him a complete list of the Catholics in his block, not forgetting an Armenian, strayed somehow among the Slavs. Then this good Israelite had improvised an emergency confessional made with blankets in a corner of the hut, and, on the following day, marched the little band of Catholics to the chapel in time for Mass. On more than one occasion was the chaplain able to take advantage of Jewish courtesy and "savoir-faire."

*At Minden Camp.*—On May 4, 1917, nearly all the prisoners, together with their chaplains, were transferred from the camp at Dülmen to that at Minden, beyond the Weser. An exodus of this kind was certainly picturesque but very exhausting. From the camp to the station at Dülmen a march of four kilometres, and about six from the station at Minden to the new camp. Naturally each one was anxious to take with him as many of his personal possessions as possible, whether linen, clothes, food reserves or utensils; and of course it was on his back that, turtlewise, he had to carry his property. Several of the more ingenious spirits contrived little carts made from packing cases, with wooden wheels cut out for them by the carpenters. In spite of fatigue, French gaiety and English humour cheered the ranks; and the grave Westphalians met with on the way were stupefied at the indomitable endurance of these nomadic bands.

At Minden, Dom P.D. and his companion, the Abbé Publier, a curate of Melun and a recent prisoner, were quartered apart in a spacious empty block, and placed under strict surveillance. They were allowed to say Mass each day, but

were forbidden to exercise any other Catholic ministry. Other prisoner-priests, quartered in a different part of the camp, were charged with the spiritual care of the captives.

From time to time arrived bands of sick and wounded destined either for repatriation or for internment in neutral countries, the British in Holland, and the French and Belgians in Switzerland. They generally had their temporary shelter in the block inhabited by our two priests, and were sometimes kept waiting for weeks in a depressing intermediary state between captivity and freedom. A sick Scot and a young English sergeant, who had undergone the amputation of one leg, languished in solitude for more than two months while waiting to be sent into Holland, whence they were to be repatriated.

All the prisoners, but especially those about to leave the camps, were subjected to most careful searching. The gaolers were particularly keen in detecting English or French gold pieces. Many of the prisoners taken at Maubeuge had gold money about them at the time. Everything was ransacked, the lining of uniforms, linen and even the soles of boots; but the discovery of a hiding-place was rare. One day a party of searchers unexpectedly entered a hut. At that very moment, the fortunate possessor of five or six "louis d'or" was engaged in changing the hiding-place of his little hoard. Quietly, he slipped the gold into the bowl of his pipe, which he then proceeded to fill with tobacco, and which he held in his hand during the search. His treasure was saved.

The Padre possessed three French gold pieces and an English sovereign, which he had changed in 1915 for a British soldier, who was rather embarrassed by this forbidden money. During the whole of his captivity these four pieces lay snugly hidden in a rubber sponge which was never used for toilet purposes, but which was always displayed in full view when a search was in progress. On arrival in Switzerland (June, 1918), Dom P.D. at once paid in his little gold reserve at the French Embassy at Berne for national defence.

As for food, the prisoners depended entirely upon the parcels received from home or from Committees, the official issue being even more detestable than at Dülmen. Food parcels took at least a month to reach the camp. At one time, during three whole weeks, those addressed to French prisoners of war were seized by order of the *Kommandan-*

ture, and placed in the kitchen. There the extremely varied contents, ranging from "bully beef" to pineapple chunks, were thrown promiscuously into large caldrons, and this "Witch's hell-broth" was distributed indiscriminately to prisoners of all nationalities. There were days when the food question became really acute; it even came to counting the mouthfuls. Meanwhile, however, the Padre's brethren, safe in their quiet cloister in the south of England, read in their Breviaries that "fasting is a sure companion for the body, useful in the training of athletes and warriors, and sustaining the vigour of the spirit for war."<sup>1</sup> Hence, apparently, they were in nowise minded to deprive their prisoner confrère of this powerful spiritual weapon by re-stocking his empty larder. Fortunately there were others who made themselves responsible for the prolongation of his earthly pilgrimage.

*At Beuron Abbey.*—Thanks to the effective intervention of the Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, Dom P.D., whose health had suffered considerably from the effects of 43 months' captivity, was taken under escort to the Abbey of Beuron on the Danube, where he was interned with several other prisoner priests, both French and Belgian. There he remained from February 13, 1918, until the end of April, when he was transferred to Heidelberg for medical examination in view of his internment in Switzerland. Great kindness and generosity was extended to the errant son of St. Benedict both at Beuron and at St. Joseph's Abbey, Coesfeld.

At Beuron the Padre made friends with the Abbé Pradels, a French priest, Ph.D. of the University of Münster. At the outbreak of the war, this energetic man had been for seven years at the head of the "Institut français" at Cologne, a school of the German language founded by him, and reopened after the war. Arrested on August 1, 1914, by the police on the sole charge of being a Frenchman, he was imprisoned, and languished for four years in various camps. It was not until April 9, 1918, that he obtained the favour of internment at Beuron. During his stay at the Abbey, he showed his companion the MS. of his reminiscences, which have since appeared under the *nom de plume*, Dominique de Lagardette, entitled: *Prisonnier civil, ou histoire d'un prêtre français, docteur allemand, interné cinquante mois en Alle-*

<sup>1</sup> Sermon of St. Basil the Great; lessons of the second nocturn of *Lastare* Sunday.

*magne* (Paris, 1919). M. Pradels had managed until then to hide from the vigilance of the Germans this precious MS. of the highest possible documentary interest. How did he succeed in taking it across the frontier on the day of his liberation, October 1, 1918? Our Padre can answer this question, for he shared the secret of the clever ruse employed. During the time at Beuron, M. Pradels carefully copied his memoirs, complete with documentary evidence, in pencil on pieces of cigarette paper, each tiny sheet bearing a number, and the writing being, of course, almost microscopic and with extensive abbreviations. As each sheet was finished, M. Pradels rolled it between his fingers and slipped it through a hole in the lining of his travelling rug, the inseparable companion of his wanderings. At the frontier the German soldiers carefully felt the rug, but discovered nothing. Four months later the book was published in Paris.

*In Switzerland.*—Recognized as a fit subject for internment in Switzerland by both Swiss and German medical boards, Dom P.D., after several weeks' waiting at Heidelberg, took the train for Switzerland via Constance on June 17, 1918.

What an unforgettable welcome awaited the prisoners on the other side of the German frontier! "Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la Belgique! Vive les Alliés!" Shouts so long proscribed rang once more in their ears. The happy travellers were so overcome with emotion that they could hardly find voice enough to thank the good people of Thurgau for their enthusiastic reception.

At Berne the carriages occupied by those of the prisoners destined for the Bernese Oberland were attached to the train for Interlaken, and on June 19, at 7 a.m., the Padre, with a party of some seventy officers, arrived at Spiez on the shores of the lake of Thun, a delightful spot bounded on the south by the Blümlisalp, the Jungfrau, the Mönch, and the Eiger.

The post of chaplain to those interned in the Spiez area was occupied by the Abbé Caplet, German master at the school of the Immaculate Conception, Laval, who had been arrested as a civil prisoner in the Rhine valley, where he happened to be at the outbreak of the war. His delicate health, undermined by captivity, soon gained him admission into Switzerland. When Dom P.D. arrived he had already been two years at Spiez, and when he was repatriated soon afterwards, the Padre succeeded him as chaplain. On the



feast of the Assumption, especially dear to French hearts, the little chapel was the scene of a touching ceremony. Four children of interned French officers, whose families were allowed to visit them, made their First Communion. On November 4, the chaplain solemnized the marriage—the civil ceremony having been performed previously by proxy before M. le Maire—of a French soldier with a “payse” from far away Brittany. On Sunday, November 17, the whole of the French colony, headed by their officers, sang with a full heart the *Te Deum* of victory.

According to the conditions of the Armistice the prisoners of war of the Allies were to return to their own countries as soon as possible. Those interned in the Spiez area arrived at Lyons on December 3, 1918.

The six months passed in this ideal corner of the Bernese Oberland amid the delights of lake, forest, and mountain, proved a real “cure” for those whose health had been all but shattered by captivity. The Padre carried away with him delightful memories of the many expeditions made in the company of enterprising comrades, boating enthusiasts, indefatigable swimmers, tireless walkers, who pursued their explorations in all directions around this ideal centre of physical and mental recuperation.

LOUIS GOUGAUD, O.S.B.

## THE KNOWLEDGE OF THINGS DISTANT

### II.

**I**N writing a few months back upon "the knowledge of things distant" my purpose, as I then explained, was to make the fact clear that certain individuals seem on occasion to possess an extraordinary acquaintance with what is hidden or going on elsewhere, sometimes far away from them, although no channel exists through which the information could normally have been transmitted. We constantly meet with such incidents in the Lives of the Saints, but in the cases I am thinking of there is no reason to presume the intervention of anything preternatural. The percipients are neither exceptionally religious nor exceptionally irreligious. They would none of them attribute their curious gift to miracle or to the special favour of heaven, but on the other hand there is nothing in their character or their previous history which would suggest that they were in league with the powers of darkness.

The examples discussed in my previous article were three-quarters of a century old. Not many of my readers could possibly have been of an age to take cognizance of them at the time when they occurred. The clairvoyante principally concerned was an illiterate servant maid who lived in a dreary manufacturing town in the north of England, and whose range of ideas was inevitably limited by her antecedents and her surroundings. In illustration of the existence of a similar faculty surviving in our own day, I propose here to invite attention to the remarkable feats of a very different personality, a Polish engineer, married, middle-aged, and seemingly in good professional employment. The surprising powers displayed by Mr. Stephan Ossowiecki have just been brought to the notice of English readers in the translation of Dr. Gustave Geley's work "*L'Ectoplasmie et la Clairvoyance*,"<sup>1</sup> which had only come from the press a very short

<sup>1</sup> "Clairvoyance and Materialization, a record of experiments by Dr. Gustave Geley." Translated by Stanley de Brath, M.Inst.C.E., with 61 illustrations and 105 diagrams. T. Fisher Unwin, 1927.

time before the author's lamented death in an aeroplane accident. The translation, which has been executed by Dr. Geley's friend, Mr. Stanley de Brath, is accompanied with a number of illustrations admirably reproduced, several of which have reference to Mr. Ossowiecki's experiments in clairvoyance. It may be noted that they add greatly to the evidential value of the facts detailed in the letter-press, though even from the verbal descriptions alone no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the reality of the supra-normal knowledge evinced. We have here no dark séances nor any possibility of confederates or of the use of a code of signals.

The personal history of Mr. Stephan Ossowiecki is extraordinary enough, though it must be confessed that there is no means of checking the account furnished by Dr. Geley, and presumably based on the clairvoyant's own statements. Still, the French original of "*L'Ectoplasmie et la Clairvoyance*" has now been published for more than two years, and I cannot learn that any charge of fraudulent practices or of insincerity has been levelled against Ossowiecki, either in France, Germany, or in his native Poland. This is reassuring when one remembers the very severe criticism to which, for example, the pretensions of Herr Ludwig Khan, alias the "Professor Akyldar or Akldar," whose sandwich-men paraded Regent Street in 1920, have been subjected.<sup>1</sup> Anyway it is stated that Stephan Ossowiecki, born of Polish parents in 1877, entered a great Russian technical school at what was then St. Petersburg in 1894. We are told that even at that age his clairvoyant faculty was remarkable, and that he could see "auras." Not understanding this latter experience, he consulted an eminent oculist who pronounced that he was in imminent danger of losing his sight and prescribed drastic remedies. Some little time after this, however, he came across an old Jew who had a great reputation as a seer. This man reassured him as to the condition of his eyes, and explained that the mistake had arisen from the fact that his psychic gifts were altogether out of the common. The acquaintance led to the Jew having a vision of the future, in which he told Ossowiecki that he saw him spending many long months in prison, condemned to death but saved at the last moment. He added that after a struggle with poverty he would secure a good position, would marry a

<sup>1</sup> Notably by Dr. Moll in the "*Zeitschrift für Kritischen Okkultismus*," Vol. I., pp. 161—178, 1926.

woman whose first name would be Anna, and that between his forty-fifth and forty-eighth year his name would become famous throughout Europe. All this was fulfilled. He was thrown into prison at Moscow in 1918 under the Bolshevik regime because he had had relations with certain officers of the French military mission who were suspected of anti-Soviet propaganda. He was confined for six months in a filthy dungeon, having only one salt fish and a glass of water for his daily food. Much of his time was spent compulsorily in digging graves for his fellow prisoners who were shot. Eventually his own turn came, and with a number of others he was led out to the place of execution before a firing party. At the last moment the intervention of a high official who had been a fellow student with him in the engineering school saved his life, but he remained for some time after his imprisonment physically a wreck. Since then, it seems, he has regained vigorous health, has married a lady named Anna, is a prosperous business man, and his name, through his feats of clairvoyance, is now known far and wide.

It may possibly be remembered that in discussing in my previous article the feats of Dr. Haddock's Emma, mention was made of the recovery of a lost watch which a servant had been suspected of stealing, and which Emma upon contact with the letter announcing the loss had been able to describe and to trace. As a first illustration of Mr. Ossowiecki's powers I take a somewhat similar incident of the loss of a piece of jewellery. The story is told in a letter from the lady—she is the wife of a judge of the supreme court in Poland—who had lost the brooch in question, and her account bears date July 22, 1922.

I lost my brooch on Monday morning, June 6. In the afternoon of the same day I visited the wife of General Krieger, Mr. Ossowiecki's mother, with my brother, M. de Bondy, engineer, who was a witness of what occurred.

Mr. Ossowiecki came in, my brother introduced me to his friend, and I said I was delighted to make acquaintance with one so gifted. . . . He told us many interesting things. . . . Then in a moment of silence I said to him: "I have lost my brooch to-day. Could you tell me anything about it?" . . . "The brooch, Madame,

is at your house in a box; it is a metal brooch, round, with a stone in the middle. You wore it three days ago and you value it." "No," I said, "not that one." (He had given a good description of a brooch kept in the same box with the one I had lost.) Then he said: "I am sorry not to have guessed aright. . . I am rather tired, but will try to concentrate. I should like to have some material thing that the brooch has been connected with." . . . "Sir, the brooch was fastened here, on this dress." He placed his fingers on the spot indicated, and after a few seconds said: "Yes, I see it well. It is oval, of gold, very light, an antique which is dear to you as a family souvenir; I could draw it, so clearly do I see it. It has 'ears,' as it were, and is in two parts, interpenetrating, like fingers clasped together." . . . "What you say, sir, is most extraordinary. It could not be better described." . . . He went on: "You lost it a long way from here" (this was actually about two and a half miles). "Yes, in Mokotowska Street, at the Koszykowa corner." "Yes," I said, "I went there to-day." "Then," he said, "a poorly-dressed man with a black moustache stoops down and picks it up. It will be very difficult to get it back. Try an advertisement in the papers."

The astounding conclusion may be told in fewer words than are used by the writer of the letter. It appears that the very next day Mr. Ossowiecki met in the street a man whom he recognized as the one he had mentally seen picking up the brooch. He went up to him and said to him gently: "Sir, yesterday you found a brooch at the corner of Mokotowska and Koszykowa Streets." "Yes," replied the man, who turned pale when his questioner gave details of the incident; but he eventually surrendered the trinket and declared that he had intended to advertise its finding.

From an evidential point of view, no doubt, this story leaves much to be desired, but there is no possible reason to suspect the accuracy of the facts, in view of the many other examples given of Ossowiecki's extraordinary perceptions under the strictest test conditions. Perhaps no incident is more likely to bring conviction to English readers than the experiment for which Mr. Dingwall, who attended the International Congress held at Warsaw in 1923 as the repre-

sentative of the (British) Society for Psychical Research, was personally responsible. His own narrative of this feat of clairvoyance has been more than once printed. It is given by Dr. Geley, but it is also to be found in the official Report of the Congress as well as in "the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research." Mr. Dingwall explains that before leaving England he wrote in French upon the upper part of a single sheet of notepaper the words: "The vineyards of the Rhine, of the Moselle and of Burgundy yield excellent wine"; lower down he drew a bottle very roughly, with an oblong as a sort of frame surrounding it, and the date in another corner. The paper was then folded so that the bottle with the date were on one side and the French writing on the other. The sheet thus folded was then enclosed in an opaque red-paper envelope fitting tightly; the red envelope in turn was put inside a dull black one, and this again into a brown one and the flap of the last of these three was gummed down and sealed. For additional precaution, in order to make it impossible for anyone to open the envelope hurriedly and replace all the contents as they were before without detection, a tiny hole was pierced through the packet with a fine needle in four places. Of the contents of the packet Mr. Dingwall said not a word to anyone. He took it to Warsaw and there gave it into the hands of Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, himself refraining from being present at the experiment for fear that Mr. Ossowiecki's attempt to visualize the contents might be helped by some unconscious betrayal on his part of the knowledge concerning them which he (Dingwall) alone possessed. That same evening the packet and two other sealed letters were given to Ossowiecki. The account of the latter's successful divination is somewhat complicated by details which concern only the two other letters, but it was the Dingwall packet which the psychic held tightly in his hands under the eyes of all in full light. He spoke by snatches. I copy only what concerns Mr. Dingwall's test.

The letter I am holding has several envelopes. . . . It is a letter and yet it is not a letter. . . . I see something greenish in cardboard (*en carton*). . . . The letter that I am holding has been prepared for me. . . . I cannot understand. . . . I see . . . something red . . . colours . . . a lady on one side. . . . [Long pause.] I do not



know why I see a little bottle. . . There is a drawing made by a man who is not an artist . . . something red with this bottle. . . . There is without any doubt a second red envelope. . . There is a square drawn at the corner of the paper. The bottle is very badly drawn. I see it! I see it! [Upon a slip of paper he sketches a bottle, encloses it by drawing an oblong round it, and afterwards writes 19—23 at the opposite side low down.] . . . There is something else; something white and in the middle. . . I see, before the year, there is a date or the name of a town. . . It is rather a feminine than a masculine hand."

Baron von Schrenck then inquired what language it was written in? "In French," Mr. Ossowiecki replied, and he added:

The bottle is a little inclined to one side. It has no cork. It is made up of several fine lines. There is first a brown envelope outside; then a greenish envelope, and then a red envelope. Inside a piece of white paper folded in two with the drawing inside. It is written on a single sheet.

It would require facsimiles of the paper originally prepared by Mr. Dingwell and of Ossowiecki's visualized reproduction, to give an adequate idea of the remarkable success of this experiment.<sup>1</sup> There are of course many imperfections in Ossowiecki's description. He made no attempt to read the words written in French. He speaks of the second envelope as "greenish," whereas Dingwall calls it "dull black." He has not reproduced the date quite correctly. None the less the copy of the bottle, the oblong drawn round it, and the relative position of both to that of the date written below, are marvellously good and utterly put out of court any attempt to explain the sketch as a mere lucky guess. The packet was returned to Mr. Dingwall still unopened, and the verification only took place next morning at a meeting of the Congress. On that occasion the English investigator explained to the company the precautions he had taken, and in his account subsequently printed for the S.P.R. he adds:

<sup>1</sup> The report of the Warsaw International Congress of 1923, published under the title "*L'Etat actuel des Recherches Psychiques*," Paris, 1924, prints these facsimiles (needleholes included) in the exact size of the originals; pp. 202—203.

The envelopes appeared to be wholly intact and no evidence whatever was discernible that the packet had been opened. I have no doubt that the test was valid and that the knowledge of the contents had been ascertained by M. Ossowiecki through channels not generally recognized. The opening of the packet created a sensation. M. Ossowiecki received an ovation and fell on the necks of the observers with tears in his eyes. . . . The supernormal character of the incident seems to me quite clear and decisive.<sup>1</sup>

It is noteworthy that in Mr. Ossowiecki's attempts to describe the contents of sealed envelopes, etc., he constantly furnishes details regarding the character of the writer or the circumstances under which they were written. Here is a case in point, which I reproduce in Dr. Geley's own words:

I gave the medium [*i.e.*, Mr. O.] the closed letter left with me by Prof. Richet.<sup>2</sup> His words, taken down verbatim, were as follows, spoken quickly and without hesitation: "It speaks of a lady named Berger. A man aged about 50 has written this letter, which is an answer to one by Prof. Richet. The letter does not come from Paris, but from somewhere near the sea, and deals with divers matters. It is an invitation. There is something about a Mrs. Berger. This lady is 33 and married. I cannot read it. It is written very quickly, without order, and is disjointed. The man who wrote it is musical." In this monologue there is only one error—"a place near the sea" (the letter came from Berlin)—all the rest is accurate. It was an invitation to confer [*sic*] in the name of several societies of divers titles. It said: "You will be the honoured guest of Mme. Berger"; it was written "in all haste"; it was badly written and somewhat incoherent. The age and characteristics of Mr. and Mrs. Berger are correct.

Among other letters similarly experimented with at Warsaw was one which Dr. Geley had asked his wife to address to him for this purpose from their home in Paris. He had no idea what she would write, and had not opened the envelope. In point of fact Mme Geley had put nothing in-

<sup>1</sup> "Journal of the S.P.R.", May, 1924, p. 263.

<sup>2</sup> The letter was enclosed in another envelope and showed nothing of the address, etc.

side the envelope but a complimentary epistle to the psychic himself, who was apparently unknown to her, beginning: "Monsieur Ossowiecki,—Sir, I congratulate you on your marvellous gifts, etc." Taking the letter into his hands, the Polish clairvoyant spoke of it as follows:

A lady aged . . . (here Mme. Geley's exact age) has written this letter. It is addressed to me. It is a kindly message. Her ideas of admiration and good wishes. . . One of her daughters was by her side when writing. This was written on the second storey. The lady looks tired. She wrote in a little room where the chairs are upholstered in dark leather. The letter was written on Aug. 22. This lady admires me and will be happy to make my acquaintance and hopes to see me soon. The letter was written between 4 and 5 p.m.

The epistle itself, of course, contained no details as to the circumstances under which it was written. On the description Dr. Geley comments that it was all quite correct, "except that the leather-covered chairs are in the next room, in which Mme. Geley had passed the greater part of the day. All the rest is quite accurate as to place, time, and date. Mme Geley was very tired that afternoon."

In connection with another closed letter which was submitted to Mr. Ossowiecki, the psychic remarked that the sender had written it about 6 or 7 in the evening while sitting at a table with a woman beside him. On being asked to describe the man and woman whom he saw, Ossowiecki said:

"It is on the second floor. He is clean-shaven except for a small moustache. He is a man of 38 to 40, slender, very acute. He is not bald, has a parting in his hair. She is stout but not tall; not blonde. She suggested this test [according to subsequent inquiries this is not correct]. They have two children, a son and a daughter. I say this is all true, but only one child is born; the lady appears stout because she is close on her confinement." Mr. Ossowiecki exclaimed quickly: "It is a boy, I am certain; you can write so to them." Three days later Mme. Sudre's son was born. She received my letter posted on Sept. 26 (1921), the day after her delivery.

Perhaps the most curious of all the experiments made with this Polish psychic was one in which the document to be

deciphered was enclosed in a leaden tube more than an inch thick. The communication was written by a lady who left Warsaw the same day and told no one what she had written. The paper was rolled up, slipped into the tube and the orifice was at once soldered down. In this state it was given to Ossowiecki who, after declaring it was written by a woman, announced vaguely that "it concerns Nature, in relation with man and sentiment," but he was evidently dissatisfied, and, refusing to allow the tube to be cut open, said he would try again. Two days later he made a second attempt, this time more successfully. In the presence of a small company of well-known people:

With much difficulty at first and then more easily, Mr. Ossowiecki said "Creation . . . great creation . . . Nature." (A long silence.) And then "This has to do with a powerful man. . . There is a popular feeling that he is one of the great men of the century. . . I cannot understand. I see two things: there is something written, by a woman, and there is a drawing. The drawing represents a man with heavy moustaches and heavy eyebrows, no nose. . . He is in uniform. . . It is like Pildzusi. The writing is in French—*Cet homme il n'a peur de rien*, neither in politics, nor any other kind of ideas, *comme un chevalier*."

Dr. Geley then goes on to describe how the tube was sawn open and they took out a paper which when unfolded revealed a sort of shadow portrait of Marshal Pildzusi with military cap and uniform, heavy moustache and eyebrows, but no nose indicated, while underneath was written the phrase *Le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. It would seem probable, though of this we have no evidence, that when the clairvoyant emphasized the ideas of "creation, Nature," he was in some vague way groping for the sentiment under the influence of which the lady had written, identifying her hero Pildzusi with the resurrection of Poland. But while this is uncertain, there can be no question as to the accuracy of the material description. A photographic reproduction of the document is given in Dr. Geley's volume.

In spite of the full detail with which Dr. Geley records these and other experiments made to investigate the nature

of the clairvoyant faculty, it is extraordinarily difficult, not to say impossible, to frame any sort of coherent theory as to the process by which this strange form of knowledge is arrived at. Prof. Richet favours the hypothesis of tactile hyperæsthesia, and it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Ossowiecki presses the objects given him strongly with his hands, even so far as to crumple up in some cases the letter he is asked to read. It may be remembered that Dr. Haddock's Emma fingered the pictures or letters given her and usually placed them in contact with the top of her head. As Mr. Ossowiecki is an educated man it is interesting to have his own account of his impressions. He believes that there may be something in the nature of hyperæsthesia in the process, but he is convinced that this alone is not sufficient to account for the lucidity which subsequently develops. He tells us that in these experiments he stops all reasoning and concentrates upon the perception of spiritual sensation, having "an unshakable faith in the spiritual unity of all humanity." He considers that he passes into a special state in which he "sees and hears, outside time and space." But what follows is more definite.

Whether I am reading a sealed letter, or finding a lost object or psychometrizing, the sensations are nearly the same. I seem to lose some energy; my temperature becomes febrile and the heart-beats unequal. I am confirmed in this supposition because as soon as I cease from reasoning, something like electricity flows through my extremities for a few seconds. This lasts a moment only, and then lucidity takes possession of me, pictures arise, usually of the past. I see the man who wrote the letter, and I know what he wrote. I see the object at the moment of its loss, with the details of the event; or again I perceive or feel the history of the thing I am holding in my hands. The vision is misty and needs great tension. Considerable effort is required to perceive some details and conditions of the scenes presented.

The lucid state sometimes arises in a few minutes, and sometimes it takes hours of waiting. This depends largely on the surroundings. Scepticism, incredulity, or even attention too much concentrated on my person, paralyses quick success in reading or sensation.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Geley, "Clairvoyance and Materialisation," pp. 67-68.

There is much in this which reminds one of Prof. Gilbert Murray's account of his own difficulties when telepathic experiments were in progress. "The least disturbance of our customary method," he declares, "change of time or place, presence of strangers, controversy, and especially noise, is apt to make things go wrong. I become myself somewhat over-sensitive and irritable, though not, I believe, to a noticeable degree." Of course we must recognize that in Prof. Murray's case there was a distinct effort on the part of those present to concentrate upon a particular incident or scene and to impress him with the same idea; whereas Mr. Ossowiecki's divinations were nearly always concerned with matters of which the whole company were completely ignorant. Yet even so there is often a striking resemblance in the manner of approach to a successful intuition. The percipient first gets the locality or atmosphere and then is able to fill in the personages concerned and other details. But the whole process is supremely mysterious, and it does not seem to me that the theories of Dr. Eugène Osty in his "*Lucidité et Intuition*" and "*La Connaissance Supranormale*," or those again of Dr. Oesterreich or Dr. Baerwald help us forward in the least degree. For the present, and probably for a century or more to come, the only thing possible in this and several other fields of research is to keep an open mind as to possibilities previously undreamed of, and to collect evidence, leaving to future generations the task of classifying the results and formulating laws from what has been observed.

HERBERT THURSTON.



# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### CANADA'S FIRST SHRINE.

**I**N the early part of last November Canadian papers carried the unwelcome news that fire had again destroyed the shrine at Ste Anne de Beaupré in Quebec. This church was a temporary structure, for use until a large basilica could be completed to replace the old one burned only four years ago. The heavy loss includes many valuable gifts, vestments, treasures in gold and silver, precious stones. The Redemptorist Fathers who are in charge had, however, the consolation of finding, scorched but intact, the large relic of St. Anne which had been placed in the sacristy safe. Four weeks later, the Benediction lunette was discovered, blackened but undamaged except for a slight crack on one side of the glass. Within was the Sacred Host, shrivelled by the heat.

The history of this famous shrine begins as early as 1658,<sup>1</sup> perhaps even earlier, when, according to tradition, some Breton sailors erected there by the St. Lawrence a small chapel in honour of "good St. Anne." Frequent miracles during the past two hundred and fifty years have made the shrine a household word for Catholics of Canada and the United States.

But famous as is this place of pilgrimage, another undiscovered till lately claims priority of foundation. This is the old home of the early Jesuit missionaries at Fort Ste Marie in Ontario, where a splendid memorial church was dedicated last June, in honour of the missionaries who were slain by the Iroquois a little before Ste Anne de Beaupré was founded.

The Jesuits first arrived in Canada in the summer of 1625. Thirteen months later, Fathers John de Brebeuf and Anne de Nouë, with the Recollet Father De la Roche, stepped out of their birch-bark canoes at the Huron village, Otouacha, on the shore of Georgian Bay, a large inlet of Lake Huron, more than five hundred miles west of Quebec, to take up again the campaign for the salvation of souls which the Recollets had begun in 1615 but were unable to continue. With what stubborn courage this holy warfare went on, and with what meagre apparent fruit, is now well known. The devotion and heroism of the missionaries have aroused the admiration of all historians. In his introduction to the Cleveland edition of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," Reuben Gold Thwaites pays tribute to them:

<sup>1</sup> "Catholic Encyclopædia," I., p. 539.

The story of the hardships and sufferings of the devoted missionaries . . . is one of the most thrilling in the annals of humanity. . . . No men have, in the zealous exercise of their faith, performed hardier deeds than these Jesuits of the Huron mission; yet after three years of unrelenting toil, they could (1640) count but a hundred converts out of a population of 16,000, and these were for the most part sick infants or aged persons, who had died soon after baptism. The rugged braves scorned the approaches of the Fathers, and unmercifully tormented their converts; the medicine-men waged continual warfare on their work; smallpox and the Iroquois were decimating the people.

Missionary activity among the Hurons reached its height about 1648. For more than ten years the missionaries lived scattered about in villages throughout the district south of Georgian Bay, between Nottawasaga Bay and Lake Simcoe. Naturally they felt this dispersion a great drawback to social and spiritual intercourse, as well as to security against sudden attacks by the Iroquois. They were cut off from their old associations in France, and more than thirty days' travel separated them from their brethren in Quebec. Added to this was the inevitable change of residence and building of new chapels and houses every eight or nine years, due to the nomadic character of the Huron life, and suggesting a fixed residence, to be erected at some central point. With a dozen or more Jesuits labouring in this one region, a common meeting-place was indispensable. So reasoned Father Jerome Lalement, the new superior of 1638. After careful deliberation, he chose a site on the bank of the small river Wye, which flows into Georgian Bay from a small lake, called by the Indians *Isiargui*; to-day it is the less euphonious Mud Lake. This spot was easy of access from the interior mission posts, could form a central meeting point for the Huron converts, was only a mile from the Bay down which travellers from the east must come, and, best of all, it was sufficiently isolated to be a safe retreat from the Iroquois.

Rather contrary to expectation, the chiefs of the two principle villages from which the missionaries intended moving their residences consented without hesitation to their departure. No time was lost. Before the notoriously fickle Indians had a chance to retract their consent, the Frenchmen were felling trees and hauling stones for the new home. Father Isaac Jogues, whose martyrdom seven years later in the Iroquois country is one of the most heroic episodes in the history of New York State, was the overseer and pushed the work so vigorously that he had completed the first building by the autumn of the same year, 1639. The Indians considered it a marvel of construction; and

so it was, everything considered. It contained rooms for the Fathers, their private chapel, refectory, rooms for the lay-men attached to the mission, and two large apartments for catechetical purposes.<sup>1</sup> To guarantee ease of defence, it was surrounded, partly by a stone wall, partly by a high palisade and a moat connecting with the river. At the corners were strong stone bastions commanding the exterior of the walls. Later on, in a palisaded enclosure beside the fort, other buildings were added for the use of the Indians. The whole work probably required four or five years to complete. There the fathers gathered each year for their annual retreat. From such a retreat Blessed Anthony Daniel set out on July 1, 1648, without a day's delay for friendly talk with his brothers; three days later he was slaughtered by the Iroquois at St. Joseph.

In the "Relation" of 1640, Jerome Lalement recounts an incident of no little interest in these days when the lay-retreat movement is being pushed so vigorously on both sides of the Atlantic:

It had indeed been one of our ideas to have a house apart, far from the neighbouring villages, which would serve among other purposes for the retirement and recollection of our evangelical workers who would find this solitude full of rest after their toil. But we should never have thought that the first to use the house for this purpose would have been a poor savage, one whose whole nature is so alien to any ideas of this kind. This was Joseph Chihwatenhwa, who is distinguished here by the surname "the Christian." On account of the storms which we foresaw, we thought it better to forearm him with some special instructions in order to strengthen his courage, as he was a man who was to serve as an example to all the others. We therefore began and gave him some idea of the spiritual exercises.<sup>2</sup>

The effect produced by this the first lay retreat in Ontario, if not in all Canada, would serve as a high standard for modern retreatants to aim at. This ignorant savage made good resolutions and he kept them;—to follow the advice of the missionaries, to serve the great Captain of Heaven fearlessly in the face of the persecution and ridicule of his pagan friends, to have nothing more to do with their superstitious and often diabolical rites. He asked to make the exercises several times a year; he spoke so earnestly of the nobility of knowing and serving the God of the Black-robos that some, even of the most obdurate, were converted. To the Father who directed him during these days of

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Devine, "Old Fort Ste Marie," Toronto, 1926, for a ground plan of the fort, a reconstruction sketch and a detailed description of the ruins as they were seen in 1855 by Rev. Felix Martin, S.J.

<sup>2</sup> "Relations des Jésuites," Quebec, 1858; Relation of 1640, p. 64.

retreat, he spoke openly of the pious thoughts that flooded his mind during meditation. He grieved at having been so long ignorant of the true God and of this great prayer to Him; he thanked Him for His goodness and mercy; he begged the angels and saints to intercede for him and his ignorant fellow men. His thoughts on death are full of consolation and encouragement. "I no longer fear death at all," he often said, "and I would thank God if I saw myself on the point of death in the firm hope that I have of going to heaven."<sup>1</sup>

The fortified residence on the Wye was a scene of increasing activity during the ten years of its existence. Several Fathers were always there to look after the house, to instruct the savages, to receive and provide food for the visitors and refugees who came in hundreds, and to visit two nearby mission posts. The fort itself was dedicated to the Mother of God, to whom the missionaries owed so much. The small church, built probably within the neighbouring palisade, was under the protection of St. Joseph. That the Indians visited Fort Ste Marie for other reasons than merely to satisfy hunger or curiosity is evident from the "Relations."

It is a very great consolation to us [wrote Father Paul Rageneau] to see arriving here from two, three and four leagues' distance on Saturday evenings a number of our Christians who camp near our Residence in order to spend Sunday with us. Many Algonquins wintered near us this year, and it was a sweet anthem to hear the praises of God sung in three or four different languages at the same time.<sup>2</sup>

Nothing that might impress the savages with the dignity of religion and of the sacraments was omitted in this wilderness church. When, after thorough instruction and repeated tests of his sincerity, the missionaries considered an Indian ready for baptism, they sent him to Ste Marie for a final examination. If the outcome was satisfactory, he was baptized with all due solemnity. As a rule these adult baptisms were reserved for the greatest feasts of the year: Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost: when the ceremonies did much to strengthen the faith of the converts who assembled from all parts of the peninsula. The festoons and other poor decorations transformed the log chapel into what the natives thought a wonder of the world. The Masses, sermons, Vespers, processions, and Benediction, carried out with strict attention to the rubrics, astounded them; they began to form ideas of the Majesty of God, especially when they learned that there were services in His honour a thousand times more magnificent in other parts of the world.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Relations," p. 66.

<sup>2</sup> "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," Cleveland, 1901, xxi., p. 141.

<sup>3</sup> "Relations," Quebec ed., 1642, p. 58.

It may seem rash to call such a primitive settlement a shrine, yet we find that on February 18, 1644, Pope Urban VIII. granted a plenary indulgence to all the faithful who, with the usual conditions of confession, communion and prayers for the Pope, should on the Feast of St. Joseph visit the "Church of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, of the Residence of St. Mary the Virgin, among the Hurons in New France." The original Brief, to be in effect for seven years only, is still preserved in the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal.<sup>1</sup>

This ripening harvest in Huronia was suddenly and utterly blasted by the inroad of the Iroquois in 1648-49. For many years bands of these ferocious warriors from below Lake Ontario had been lurking about the Ottawa valley to waylay flotillas of Huron canoes on the way to or from Quebec. As occasion offered they made swift descents upon defenceless villages whose braves were off on a hunting or marauding expedition. After the invaders had vanished into the forest, only smoking ruins and mangled corpses were left to mark their passing. Their daring became more pronounced towards the end of 1648; they attacked several of the frontier villages with the usual massacre and torture of captives. In the following March they stormed St. Ignace and St. Louis, captured and put to death with hideous tortures the missionaries John de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalement, and struck such terror into the Hurons that many fled into distant exile, never to return. Fort Ste Marie on the Wye was no longer considered safe. On June 14, 1649, the Fathers burned the buildings and departed in sadness with the remaining Hurons to a refuge on Christian Island. A year later, a second exodus was made, this time to Quebec. Thus ended the once flourishing Huron mission.

When clearings were made in that part of Ontario a hundred years ago, the settlers discovered the stone walls of the fort, thickly overgrown but still intact; to-day all that remain are several low lines of stones and high mounds marking the bastions. Most of the stones have been carried off for the foundations of houses and barns. In some respects this regrettable destruction is of little consequence, as the spot now holds a place in Catholic hearts that needs no masonry to make it permanent. When, on June 26, 1925, the Beatification of the Canadian Martyrs was taking place in Rome, a large pilgrimage was gathered beside the ruins of the old fort to assist at a pontifical Mass sung by Archbishop McNeil of Toronto, and to listen to a recital of missionary zeal and heroism by Rev. John Burke, C.S.P. On this occasion a non-Catholic resident of Midland raised a small monument bearing a bronze tablet with the inscription, in English and French: "A.M.D.G. Here lie the ashes of the

<sup>1</sup> Devine, *op. cit.*, contains a photograph and text of this interesting document.

Blessed Jesuit Martyrs JEAN DE BREBEUF and GABRIEL LALEMENT, put to death by the Iroquois at Fort St. Ignace, 1649." Unfortunately this spirit of good will is not shared by all the neighbourhood: only a week or two later a bullet was found imbedded in the tablet.

Not a few of these first pilgrims climbed the steep hill across the highway from the ruined fort. Their efforts were repaid by a wide view of Georgian Bay a mile away. A year later, pilgrims were again toiling up this slope, but for other reasons; there on the summit stood a fine memorial church the new Martyrs' Shrine, brought close to completion in less than ten months. The Brief of Urban VIII. has been renewed by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. in favour of pilgrims who visit the Shrine and venerate the relics of the martyrs. It was fitting that the first function there should be performed by one himself clothed in martyr's red. On Saturday, June 26, His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell of Boston blessed the new church, said Low Mass and gave a simple but deeply stirring sermon on the sufferings and example of the martyrs. Among the congregation that filled the edifice were some five hundred Boston pilgrims whom His Eminence was conducting home from the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago. One of these was a granddaughter of the Protestant historian, Francis Parkman, to whose works on early Canadian history the world's knowledge of the heroic work of the early Indian missionaries is in no small measure due.

The official opening of the Shrine took place the next day, when, in the presence of five bishops, many priests and Religious and no less than eleven thousand pilgrims, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto pontificated at the open-air altar before the church. A panegyric was preached by Dr. Fallon, the eloquent Bishop of London, Ontario, whose powerful voice reached to the limits of the large throng on the hillside below.

Until well on towards evening pilgrims went in crowds to the altar rail to venerate the relics of the Blessed Martyrs—Brebeuf, Lalement, and Garnier; of the other five martyrs no relics are known to exist. The spirit of devotion was remarkable. Pilgrims attended in hundreds on every Sunday during the summer; parish priests brought their congregations; the Bishop of Peterborough organized a large diocesan pilgrimage which he headed in person. Devotion to the martyrs has not been without fruit; during the past year alone a good number of well authenticated cures have been reported. Whether they are of sufficient value to assure the much-desired canonization of these the first Blesseds of North America remains to be seen.

FREDERICK W. NOLL.



## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**The Dangers  
in China.**

The Chinese crisis drags on, and we can only be thankful that the Great Powers, whose mutual attitude shows how little of the Allied spirit has survived the peace, are working more or less in concert, and are sufficiently alive to the folly and inexpedience of a war with China. At the same time, the tales of massacre and looting, whether by irresponsible or disorganized soldiery, or by regular troops, related in the Press, will, if continued, inevitably result in arousing a war-mentality in Europe with which Governments will have to reckon. If "the flag" is insulted or flouted, if nationals are wantonly plundered or killed, the unreflecting multitude will demand punishment without waiting to assess guilt with any accuracy. On the whole, the bulk of the Press has evinced some sense of responsibility and, as yet, there is little appeal to racial pride and passion in this country. Like Russia, China has no stable or representative Government; and no body or individual can readily be held accountable for the conduct of the roving bands of belligerents, who are more of a curse and a terror to the native than to the foreigner. If Mr. Chen repudiates responsibility for the outrages at Nanking, it is difficult to see how it can be brought home to him. No one knows definitely the extent of his authority or the degree of discipline maintainable amongst Chinese troops. We can only hope that, out of the welter of conflicting interests, some strong and truly national power will arise with which negotiations will be possible. We believe that public opinion in no country would tolerate anything but fair dealing with the Chinese nation, and fair dealing demands that all past "concessions" derogatory to the national rights should be abolished, regard of course being had to the lawful claims of the dispossessed. If there are those amongst us who would keep the Chinese ports in an unworthy and unwilling bondage, there are others, equally unconscionable, who would weakly abandon assured and valuable rights. Between the policy of "scuttle" and that of the "mailed fist," the wise statesman must warily steer.

**To Reform  
Trade Unions.**

The lists are being arrayed at home for one of those conflicts between Labour and Capital—this time in the political field—which it should be the first principle of statesmen to avoid. No fair observer can deny that, in some of its developments, Trade-Unionism is unjust to the individual and may be a menace to the community. The system was itself born of injustice, the injustice of Capitalism, and grew up outside the law, the law of the employers; so we need not wonder that it is not yet very

conscientious in spirit and act. It is preposterous, for instance, that a member of a Trade Union should be in effect penalized if his political allegiance is given to any party save Labour. There should not be, nor in any properly developed State would there be, a Labour party. The line of division in matters of politics should be political, not economic: the Labour party has arisen because the labouring class were not adequately represented in the main political parties, and could not be certain that their interests would be properly considered. But now that it has come into existence, through the folly and want of foresight of its rivals, it cannot claim as a right the support of Labour. Many of its prominent members profess unsound economic principles, many have distinct anti-Christian affiliations, its programme is in some respects markedly secularist, and thus a conscientious and God-fearing man might well resent his contributions being devoted indiscriminately to advancing its policies. From unjust requisitions of that sort, and from sundry potentialities of direct, instead of constitutional, action, the Government's Trade Disputes Bill aims at preventing the Unions. There is no need to see anything more sinister beneath the project.

**An Inexpedient Measure.**

But because a matter affecting the whole of industry is thus to be made a party measure and is to be enforced by a majority which, great as it is, does not represent the majority of the electorate, it does not seem likely to promote permanent industrial peace. We believe the Prime Minister earnestly desires to settle the perpetual quarrel between industry and capital which has cost the country untold wealth and has generated unending bitterness. But his policy sometimes follows his proclaimed intentions so haltingly that we cannot but diagnose some hampering influence at work. Even were the Trade Disputes Bill the ultimate expression of absolute justice and wisdom, its introduction without any preliminary Commission, without consultation with other parties, especially with the party most concerned, and at a time when Labour feels exhausted and defeated after a fruitless contest with Capitalism, cannot possibly lead to a durable settlement. Immediately after the collapse of the disastrous coal-stoppage, the whole energies of the Government should have been directed to removing the causes of labour friction. Any even slight achievement in that direction would have been taken as earnest of a sincere intention of remedying the ills of Labour, and would have hastened the progress of peace. But no "gesture" of the kind was attempted; instead, a Bill which, even if justifiable in theory, may easily be represented as an attack upon the only organization which stands between the worker and ruthless exploitation, is introduced by this all-power-

ful Government. A spokesman of the Ministry, Lord Birkenhead, said not long ago that "after deep reflection the Government had taken on what they knew would be a serious and bitter quarrel: they had taken it on in the spirit of men who had satisfied themselves of its justice." The ordinary peace-loving citizen, whatever his party, may well ask himself whether they had satisfied themselves of its expediency. This is surely not the time for further "serious and bitter quarrels" which can be avoided. We are not discussing the merits or demerits of the Bill, for that discussion is a matter of politics, but simply doubting whether the introduction of this measure now will give us the peace in industry which is our primary economic need.

**The Mistake  
of  
Mr. Wells.**

It seems hard fortune for Mr. H. G. Wells to have attracted the hostile attention of two such intellectual gladiators as Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton at the same time. It would task anyone's energies to keep only one of them at bay, but Mr. Wells, escaping bruised and broken from several bouts with Mr. Belloc, was rash enough to fling a challenge to G. K. C., with the result of being stripped of the last fragments of his scientific armour.<sup>1</sup> That he knows nothing of the nature and ethos of Catholicism we have long been aware, but here it is definitely proved that he has not kept abreast of the progress of discovery concerning the theory of evolution. His science is almost as much to seek as his religion. "God doth not need either man's work or His own gifts," still we do hope that our fellow-Catholics appreciate the kindly Providence that sends us two such champions of Catholicism at this particular time. They have made the Faith, what it is meant to be, the groundwork of all their speculations, the touchstone of all their theories. They have met the world with its own misused and perverted weapon, human reason, and beaten it in a thousand encounters, so that its atheists and anti-Christians, its free-thinkers and pseudo-scientists, are fain to parry their deadly dialectic by labelling them as cranks and *poseurs*, mere weavers of paradox and free lances of journalism. They have done what even Newman with all his genius could not do,—brought Catholic philosophy and Catholic ethics into immediate contact with the mind of the common man. They have made vocal the splendid tradition of the Catholic Church, and, bating incidental defects of method or emphasis, their writings have substantially vindicated her claim to be the salt of civilization. Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" may be said to have produced, as the piece of grit causes the pearl, that great book, "The Everlasting Man," as well as Mr. Belloc's "Companion to Mr. Wells's Outline": if only, then, as the cause of

<sup>1</sup> See *G.K.'s Weekly* (which all intelligent and zealous Catholics ought to see every week) for April 16th.

two such additions to our rich apologetic literature, we may say of that misguided work of fiction—*O felix culpa!*

**Fr. Hagen, S.J.**  
**Doctor of**  
**Theology.**

That historic foe of science, the Pope of Rome, who burnt Bruno, tortured Galileo, excommunicated a comet, and so forth, has lately proved false to his traditions by presenting a gold medal to Father Hagen, S.J., head of the Vatican Observatory, on the occasion of the illustrious astronomer's 80th birthday, March 6th. The inscription on the medal reads *Astronomo clarissimo | Joanni Hagen Soc. Jesu | Praef. Speculae Vat. | LXXX Annos | Supergresso | Feliciter | Prid. Non. Mart. | An MCMXXVII*, and the gracious gift was made by His Holiness in person in the Vatican gardens, in the presence of several Cardinals, the Father General S.J., and other prelates. Father Hagen, who was born in Austria, studied astronomy at the University of Münster, but did his theology in England, whence two years after his ordination he was transferred to the States and was ultimately put in charge of Georgetown University Observatory, where he remained from 1888 till 1906, when he was appointed to the Vatican. Whilst in the States he published his "Atlas Stellarum Variabilium" in eleven volumes, and has continued making notable contributions to science. He is also a mathematician of great eminence. His old University of Münster appointed him on this same occasion a Doctor of Theology, expressly because astronomy under his direction became, as the Psalmist long ago declared it, a witness to God, and the Vatican Observatory a standing monument of Apologetics. The scientific journals printed the title without comment, afraid, like *Nature*, an ill-advised and disingenuous defender of Mr. Wells, to seem to countenance such an "unscientific" fact as God's existence.

**Progress**  
**of the Revised**  
**Prayer Book.**

The fact that the Revised Prayer Book in its final form was on March 30th approved by large majorities in both Houses of Convocation in the Provinces of Canterbury and York for presentation to the National Assembly, the legislative body under Parliament of the Church of England, showed that the clerical leaders of the Church were not anxious to precipitate a crisis. Four Bishops only, out of some 40, withheld assent, and 32 clergymen out of 236. The number of recalcitrant Bishops was known ever since the revision was first issued, but the fewness of the clergy opposed to the Book was something of a surprise. That even so few should object illustrates, as we pointed out in last issue, the radical inconsistency of the Anglican mind. The Prayer Book has been revised several times before, always on the assumption that there was a fixed standard of doctrine to which all Anglicans should adhere. The resulting divergence

of interpretation and practice proved that assumption to be a false one. Now, the authorities have had the honesty and common sense to abandon it, and to try to provide for the varying requirements of their flocks, yet some apparently cling to the assumption still and object to others having their different views consulted. How little they seem to know their own Church! The Archbishop of Canterbury is better informed. Addressing Convocation in support of the Prayer Book Measure on March 29th, his Grace said—"In speaking of 'really loyal Anglican Churchmen,' there are, I suppose, scarcely any of us who would refuse that title to the most representative adherents of each of the three sections of Church opinion, into which the Churchmen of to-day are, roughly speaking, divided." So the Low, Broad and High "schools of opinion"—the Archbishop never uses the word, faith—are all equally loyal to the National Church, have all an equal right to be called Anglicans. The Modernists, who care little for dogma, and the "Anglo-Catholics," who have no sense of heresy, agree with the Archbishop: why, then, do the Evangelicals make all this pother, as if the Church of England belonged to them? Their case is hopeless, in spite of their "disloyal" appeal for help from the Free Churches. Sir W. Joynson Hicks tried, in a correspondence published Mar. 25, to pin the Archbishop down to a promise that there would be no further revision and that the rules and rubrics of the new Book would be rigidly enforced, but his Grace, in reply, merely expressed his view that [Anglo-Catholic] "lawlessness will, except with a few fanatics, wane very quickly," and, as for finality, said "so far as I personally am concerned, I am quite ready to say that, if the provisions . . . become law, I should not anticipate any reopening of the matter at any early period in our future history." In which delightful and characteristic "assurance" the Home Secretary, familiar with the diction of the Front Ministerial bench, must have recognized a master.

**Fundamental  
Differences in  
Anglicanism.**

But the endeavour of the Evangelicals to insist on the English Church retaining the Protestant character wherewith Cranmer, her chief religious founder, endowed her at the start, is of little concern to Catholics, compared with the definite assertion of her tripartite constitution by Cranmer's successor. Everyone knows that what the Archbishop glozes over as "healthy and natural varieties of Church opinion" are really bottomless fissures, splitting up the original foundation into at least three distinct sections. Whatever superficial signs of unity there may be, the religious belief which holds that the Man, Christ Jesus, had no human personality, but was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, true God of true God, consubstantial with the Father, is radically and essentially different from the creed which

rejects that tenet. Yet Anglican Modernists, "loyal Churchmen," indulging in a "healthy and natural variety of Church opinion," reject unequivocally the doctrine of Christ's full Divinity. Again, those who believe in the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass belong to quite another religion to that of those who scout such beliefs as blasphemous fables. Yet "Anglo-Catholics," equally "loyal Churchmen" with the rest, are in full religious communion with those who deny and abhor their Eucharistic teaching. It is these three distinct religions, differing thus profoundly as to the real nature and consequences of Christianity, that the Archbishop persists in describing as "the recognized varieties of opinion and temperament, which find expression within the limits of perfectly loyal Churchmanship in the Church to-day." These are what other Bishops have called "differences of emphasis." And this is what makes Anglicanism—what an "Anglo-Catholic" writer actually described it as, the other day—a "League of Religions," combining, under the authority of the Crown, a number of faiths as diverse as are the separate nationalities of the globe. This description is much more true than the Archbishop's, and opens up many possibilities. The way to union with Nonconformity, for instance, would thus seem clear. If denials of Christ's Divinity, the Fall, the Atonement, the inspiration of the Bible, the Virgin Birth, the Real Presence, and perpetual Sacrifice of Calvary are to be considered as merely "recognized varieties of opinion and temperament," why boggle about Episcopacy? Things of doctrine and discipline can be left as they are, and Parliament can extend the British "League of Religions" to embrace all British sects that choose to join. Meanwhile the judicious will reflect that, whatever else He did, Christ did not found a "League of Religions."

**The Catholic, the  
only  
Teaching Church.**

No, He founded a dogmatic Church, attaching the penalty of eternal loss to conscious refusal to accept dogma, adequately and authoritatively presented. On the assumption that He was God, can we imagine His leaving His Church doubtful on a point of such awful import as the Real Presence? If He did work a wonder of such tremendous significance, which alters so the whole conception of the Church He founded, would He not have taken care that that Church should be adequately assured of the fact? A Church which, as one of her prelates has owned, "has no answer" to the question—"Is Christ objectively present in the Eucharist?" must run the constant risk either of committing material idolatry or of ignoring and neglecting the incalculable spiritual benefits of the Real Presence. It is plainly impossible that Almighty God should dower His Church with a boon so vast, and leave the recognition and employment of it an open question amongst His followers. Most of the Anglican Bishops, to do



them justice, stand for the Real Absence: their difficulty in allowing Reservation is to avoid the "danger" of adoration, offered to elements in no sense divine. Still, they allow that the "Anglo-Catholics" who believe in the Real Presence are "loyal Churchmen," and therefore, in some way admit its possibility: they do not condemn their belief: they don't know. Contrast the whole-hearted worship given by the Catholic Church to her Eucharistic Lord,—the solemnities of the Mass and Liturgy, the feasts, the expositions and benedictions, the processions and congresses, the whole elaborate cultus which has developed under the guidance of the abiding Spirit—with the doubt, the hesitancy, the downright disbelief in His gift outside her borders, and the scorn of the modernist to whose pride of intellect "this saying" is beyond measure hard. The Catholic Church, at any rate, knows her own mind,—which is the mind of her Founder.

**"The Bible,  
the Sole Rule  
of Faith."**

The common evasion of the portent of the dumb or discordant voices wherewith Anglicanism belies the teaching character proper to the Church of Christ is the appeal to Scripture as the rule of faith. At this date it is more than ever a feeble and fallacious appeal, discountenanced by reason itself and by well-nigh four centuries of experience. Yet it is advanced, in the Bishop of Chichester's April address to his diocese, as cheerfully and glibly as if it had not been, like the Article embodying it, long ago proved vain and futile.

If there is an outstanding characteristic of our authoritative formulæ [writes the Bishop with impressive sonority] it is their insistence on the principle that nothing is to be taught as necessary truth except what can be proved from Scripture. . . . Suppose, for instance, questions are asked about the mode of the Lord's presence at Holy Communion. . . . The answer that the Church of England gives is, in effect, this:—Turn to the Scriptures: can you prove this view or that from them? If not, the question must be left open. We must not either assert or deny anything, as if it were a matter of revealed truth, if we have no authority to pronounce upon it. Either view of the question may be taken by a loyal member of the Church of England.

Here for the hundredth time we have a plain repudiation of any teaching authority in the English Church. One asks, "What am I to believe as the essentials of the Christian faith?" She says, "They are all in the Book." One replies, "But the Book is not clear: will you determine for me what it means?" And her answer is, "No, you must settle it for yourself." Some twenty years ago the late Mr. Mallock, writing as an Anglican, published an essay called "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption:

being an examination of the intellectual position of the Church of England," in which he demonstrated at great length the futility of appealing to a collection of literary documents like the Bible, without having an outside guarantee that they are the authentic Word of God and an outside and infallible authority to interpret their meaning. He arraigned each of the Anglican parties in turn, and showed the inadequacy of the various substitutes proposed by each. The argument of that book has been a commonplace in Catholic apologetics, ever since Luther, to overthrow the authority of the Church, distorted and exaggerated the authority of the Scriptures, but the Anglican mind so dreads the alternative of submission to the Living Voice that there is no sophistry to which it will not resort so as to evade it. Mallock's book remained unanswered—and ignored.

**The Lesson  
for  
Catholics.**

We make no excuse for thus dwelling upon the chaos of Anglicanism as illustrated to-day by the Prayer Book controversy. The interests of the true Faith demand the continued exposure of errors opposed to it. The interest of men's immortal souls, lost in the fog of heresy and false principle, justify every effort made to dissipate their cloudy and irrational views. And the sight of sects, professing to be Christian, doubting and disputing, two thousand years after Christ made His revelation, about the very fundamentals of His character and message, is a vivid reminder to the faithful of the greatness and the responsibility of their privileges. That there are so many outside the Church is due to the unworthiness of so many within. Catholics may better appreciate their assured possession of God's whole revelation from the spectacle of those who are tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and can find no guidance from their own authorities, whose religion is "founded" on the Bible,—a Book now deprived in Protestant hands of nearly all its influence, since its meaning is only to be found in the "consensus of expert historical criticism," and whose zeal for Christian progress is thus inevitably checked by want of trustworthy leadership. Catholics have no such check on their zeal, their energies are not consumed in searching for the truth; is their earnestness for their own spiritual advancement and for the Christianization of society proportionately keen? There are some means of judging.

**What it is to be  
a Catholic.**

It is hardly possible for Catholics in this country, living as they do in the midst of a huge non-Catholic population, to maintain their spiritual vigour at a proper level without making special and formal effort to do so. Opportunities for such effort are afforded by periodical parish-missions, but in a much more

intimate and personal way by the making of regular retreats. Readers of these pages will recall how earnestly the late Father Plater used to plead for the extension of this salutary practice, and how successfully he laboured to establish centres wherein those hitherto prevented by want of means or occasion might be able to make retreats. His work happily survives, but it does not grow as it should. In our last issue an instructive paper described how a certain province of Spain is in process of spiritual transformation owing to an energetic retreat-campaign, such as is perhaps possible only in a thoroughly Catholic country where employers are willing to give their workers the requisite leisure without penalizing them financially, and where they sometimes set them a good example by joining in the Spiritual Exercises. But, judging from the statistics of the various houses of retreats, much more might be done here than is done. Out of our vast working-class population only a few thousands have been reached in this way. There is need of a more widespread organization; there is need especially of active co-operation on the part of parish priests: there is need of more centres in industrial districts: there is need, above all, of some wealthy benefactors to endow such centres and thus put retreats within the resources of the poor. Meanwhile it is pleasant to note that several convents—New Hall, for instance, in Essex, and Harborne Hall in Birmingham—convinced of the high apostolic value of such work, give facilities yearly for working-men's retreats, whilst of course the Convents of the Cenacle in various places cater for working-women. The work is still in its infancy: the well-being of the Church in England depends greatly upon its growth: that growth might be more assured if those who have the leisure and means would in greater numbers seek to develop their Catholic zeal by occasional retreats. A certain proportion of our great Catholic societies—the C.Y.M.S., the Catenians, the Knights of St. Columba,—and some of the old boys of various colleges, are accustomed to do so: the point is, they are a small fraction of the whole, and, in thousands of cases, zeal languishes and the interests of Christ's Kingdom suffer because members of the Church have not cared to take trouble to realize their responsibilities. "The servant who knew the will of his Lord . . . shall be beaten with many stripes."

#### **Tests of Zeal.**

Another spiritual thermometer, indicating the presence or absence of zeal in our Catholic body, is membership of our Catholic societies,—of those especially whose sole object is to spread the faith in one way or another. It is notorious that societies of the latter class—the C.T.S., the C.E.G., the C.S.G., to mention only a few—are greatly handicapped in their works of zeal by lack of members and of financial support. These words

are written before the Annual Meeting of the C.T.S., but it is no secret that the gathering will learn of a steady and progressive decline of membership, due in part, like many other misfortunes, to last year's coal stoppage, but also due to a lack or a cessation of Catholic zeal on the part of many who "don't see what they get" for their annual subscription. Such people do not realize that God's Mercy has presented them freely with the Pearl of Great Price in the shape of the Faith—a treasure which others have had to purchase at immense self-sacrifice—and that it is only becoming that they should pay a little on account for that surpassing grace. The notion of making some little sacrifice in return for wholly unmerited privileges is quite alien to their mentality: in other words, they have no real grasp of their religion. There are many Catholics who share the poverty of Christ as well as the faith He revealed, and often in proportion to their means they are not the least generous of His flock. It is not they who discredit their high calling, but people who never spare their purses when there is question of secular amusement or the latest fiction, yet begrudge the small outlay which would make them members of the C.T.S. or associates of the Catholic Missionary Society, or sharers in the great work of the Converts' Aid Society. We have said before that Catholicism is an expensive religion. One often loses esteem by being known as a Catholic in this Protestant land: one has to support a poverty-stricken Church, robbed of its endowments: one has to extend the work of that Church or be false to the faith: one has to keep alive and flourishing a dozen or more apostolic agencies, supplementing the work of the clergy: yet those who really believe in our Lord's promise—*Date et dabitur vobis*—cannot regret their opportunities to spend, and indeed to be spent, in His service.

**A New  
Apostolic Effort.**

These reflections on the Whole Duty of Catholics were written before we came across the Press accounts of the great meeting at the Queen's Hall, London, held on April 5th, to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of the Catholic Missionary Society. Apparently the same ideas have been fermenting in many brains, for the outcome of that enthusiastic gathering, which included the Cardinal Archbishop and ten other prelates, was the formation of a special organization for the laity, an Apostolic League for the Conversion of England, the members of which should bind themselves, first, to know their faith so as to be able to explain it, and, secondly, to spread it, *opportune* rather than *importune*, by voice and pen and the distribution of literature. The romance of Catholicism was emphasized, the privileges of the faith, the utter spiritual destitution of so many, the pathetic blindness of others, the need of a united and comprehensive effort. The "three battalions in the trenches,"—

the Catholic Missionary Society, the Guild of Ransom, and the Catholic Evidence Guild,—took part in inaugurating this movement, or rather in consolidating and co-ordinating and extending various movements of the kind already existing. Much will doubtless come of it. Here we may call attention to a useful aid in the systematic study of the faith, the compilation, begun in the *Catholic Gazette*, of a list of the best treatises, long and short, on points of Catholic Doctrine, which when completed will form an indispensable guide to extant apologetic literature. It is a subject which, in one way or another, has frequently been discussed in these pages, and we are glad that it is now passing beyond the stage of discussion.

**Continuity  
at York.**

The claim of Anglicanism to pose as the rightful descendant of the old Catholic Church in this country is a claim on which rests its title to such of its sees, churches, parishes and revenues as have a material continuity with pre-Reformation times. If this claim were abandoned multitudes of its members would turn their backs upon it as a sham and only those would remain who are content to hold that their religion is a new one, alien wholly to those "corruptions" which formed the very essence of pre-Reformation English Catholicism. Only a few Erastian Bishops, who do not believe in Episcopacy as an order and look upon themselves as State officials, endowed by the State with the property of the former Church, could dare to abandon that claim to continuity. The claim, of course, has no basis in history: it can be maintained only by a careful oblivion of the facts which destroy it and a misinterpretation of those which seem compatible with it. It is disproved to-day by the unbroken continuance of the old Church, temporarily destroyed as a complete organization in the days of persecution, but surviving in its members always in communion with, and under the jurisdiction of, the Apostolic See. And so, on such an occasion as the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the baptism of Edwin, King of Northumbria, by St. Paulinus, Archbishop of York, it was fitting and natural that Catholics should commemorate the event by a public festival of thanksgiving. This was marked by a characteristically candid and outspoken address by the Cardinal Archbishop, about which and about the rejoinders which it aroused we shall have more to say later on. It is enough here to welcome the fact that this fundamental issue has again been so publicly raised. So long as people think that Anglicanism has all the essentials of Catholicism, they will not be concerned to leave it, and this country will remain plunged in the heresies of the Reformation. But the question of religious continuity raises the whole question of the source and nature of religious truth, and gives honest and reflective minds the chance of seeing the City set upon the Hill.

THE EDITOR.

## III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

## CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Christ's** claim to Godhead justified [L. Walker, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, April, 1927, p. 225].

**Primitive Man**, Morality of [Dr. W. Schmidt in *Homiletic Review*, April, 1927].

**Purgatory**: certainties and uncertainties [Rev. W. Godfrey in *Catholic Gazette*, March, 1927, p. 89].

**Rights**, Fact and Limit of Inherent [Dr. J. J. Ryan in *America*, March 12, 1927, p. 526].

## CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Catholicism**: should it prevent Governor Smith becoming President U.S.A.? Mr. Chas. Marshall answered and enlightened [*America*, April 9, 1927, p. 611; *The Commonweal*, April 13, 1927, p. 623].

**Catholics** at Protestant Schools: growing abuse in Ireland [*Catholic Bulletin*, January—March, 1927, pp. 7, 225].

**Censorship** in Ireland, Protests against, by unChristian "intellectuals" [*Catholic Bulletin*, March, 1927, p. 232].

**Palgrave's**, F. T., anti-Catholicism [N.P.S. in *Catholic Gazette*, March, 1927, p. 85].

**Maurin's**, Card., protest against lay education in France [*Catholic Bulletin*, March, 1927, p. 277].

**Reformation** in England, Chief Causes of the [Rev. O. Dudley in *Catholic Gazette*, February—March, 1927].

**World Conference** on Faith and Order, False Principles of [T. Moore, S.J., in *America*, March 5, 12, 19, 1927].

## POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Action Francaise**: historical account: its attitude of rebellion [Abbé Dimmet in *Commonweal*, April 6, 1927, p. 599; Duty of French Catholics, Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, April 5, 1927, p. 96].

**Action Francaise** Trouble: More Light upon [D. Gwynn in *Blackfriars*, April, 1927, p. 213; Bishop of Agen in *Documentation Catholique*, April 9, 1927, p. 910].

**Catholics** as Apostles [Rev. O. Dudley in *Catholic Gazette*, March, 1927, p. 62].

**Catechism**, The Ideal [Editor in *The Sower*, April, 1927, p. 164].

**Catechumenate**, Proposal to re-establish the [Rev. J. P. Murphy in *Catholic Gazette*, April, 1927, p. 102].

**China**, Sane views on [Bede Jarrett, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, April, 1927, p. 207].

**Disarmament**: material obstacles only removable by good-will [J. F. Thorning, S.J., in *America*, April 2, 1927, p. 590].

**Flemish "Nationalism"** [Bishop of Bruges quoted in *Documentation Catholique*, April 16, 1927, p. 968].

**Holy Week**, by Abbot Cabrol [*Tablet*, March 26, April 2, 1927].

**Negro**, The Future of the [A. C. Monahan in *Columbia*, April, 1927, p. 38].

**Over-population**: the bogey of [*Civiltà Cattolica*, April 2, 9, 1927].

**Sociological Errors**, Summary of [H. du Passage in *Etudes*, April 5, 1927, p. 23].

**Wells**, What the matter is with Mr. H. G. [Editor in *Catholic World*, April, 1927, p. 113].



# REVIEWS

## I—THE CALVERT SERIES<sup>1</sup>

IN the sphere of religion, of God-directed mind and will and action, whatever is true is Catholic truth. The Church was instituted and divinely equipped to impart all truth that pertains to salvation to all generations of men till the end of time, but of course religious truth may be found outside the limits of visible Catholicity. However, such truth is bound to be fragmentary, insecurely held, liable to decay. It can with difficulty maintain itself in face of the unbelieving world. The "world," *i.e.*, all men who have consciously or carelessly rejected Christianity or lost their grip upon it, is now incapable of seeing the reasonableness of the Gospel or even the cogency of the proofs of God's existence. The prophetic utterance of our Lord in describing the Paraclete as "the Spirit of Truth whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not nor knoweth Him," depicts the intellectual atrophy brought about in devotees of the world by human pride and folly. Still, the world in this sense is not a fixed entity but a constantly changing group of beings, recruited by lapses, depleted by conversions, so that Christians should never cease to bear their witness to the truth, should never hide their God-illuminated candles under bushels. The educated Catholic must always be an apologist, trading with his talent of faith till his Lord come.

It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we welcome a new Catholic enterprise intended to put Catholic truth before the minds of a generation which has wholly lost it and shows little desire to regain it. The "Calvert Series," as the name suggests, is primarily an American undertaking, although it is under the general editorship of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who introduces each volume, and the authors of the first batch of booklets are all British. Two extrinsic defects may be attributed to its Transatlantic origin,—first, undue carelessness in proof reading, a notable example occurring on the first page of the first book; and secondly, a somewhat enhanced price,—but, these being noted, the critic has little else to carp at and much to praise. The Series is intended to justify Catholicity to the modern mind, in the various departments in which an assured

<sup>1</sup> (1) *The Catholic Church and History*. By H. Belloc. Pp. 109. (2) *The Catholic Church and Conversion*. By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. 115. (3) *The Catholic Church and Philosophy*. By Rev. V. McNabb, O.P. Pp. 124. (4) *The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason*. By Leo Ward. Pp. 115. (5) *The Catholic Church and its Reactions with Science*. By Sir Bertram Windle. Pp. 152. Price, 4s. each. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

belief in divine revelation is supposed to be a handicap. The general editor appropriately begins with a subject peculiarly his own—*The Catholic Church and History*—and his main proposition is that the various objections drawn from history to the claim of the Catholic Church to be divinely instituted and maintained can be shown to be in no case conclusive. He classifies these objections according to their sources, and demolishes them with clear and merciless reasoning. The radical mistake of opponents is to consider the human element in the Church to be the whole and to ignore the fact that, in spite of the defectibility of that human element, the Church has always successfully survived and effectually functioned. Their aim is, following their father, Gibbon, to prove from history that the Church was man-made, as a natural consequence of the purely human nature of Christ and the purely human origin of the New Testament. In dealing with this shallow rationalism, Mr. Belloc is cogent and persuasive: his book will reassure those whom the confident but groundless dogmatism of the agnostic has perhaps impressed or who are troubled by the misguided learning of the partisan historian.

Mr. Chesterton, whom a future age may recognize as a convert to be classed with Newman, writes of the *Catholic Church and Conversion* in the light, necessarily, of his own recent experience, but with that power of generalization and that faculty of getting down to the roots of things characteristic of his genius. No one has a clearer vision of what the Church means for the good of humanity, nor a more adequate grasp of language in setting forth that vision. From the nature of the case, his task chiefly lies in removing obstacles and misconceptions: the result in the case of a candid and sincere non-Catholic may well be a complete reversal of ideas.

Mr. Leo Ward's task in *The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason* is to show that there is nothing irrational in the nature and claims of the Church rightly understood: that, in fact, the Catholic religion is the only one which fully answers the problem of life and explains both the greatness and the littleness of man: and that, although based upon the contact of the Infinite and the finite, and therefore abounding in mysteries and even seeming antinomies, it never contradicts man's supreme faculty. Mr. Ward, who elaborates his argument with no little skill, is, compared with the veterans with whom he is associated, a recent recruit, but he has, so to say, made good his hereditary right to rank amongst the Church's defenders.

In *The Catholic Church and Philosophy* Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., is thoroughly at home. It is an intellectual treat to read his lucid exposition of how the Church, starting with but one scholar, St. John, amongst her Apostles, took over and

baptized all that was good in the philosophies of paganism, and wove into one consistent and satisfactory whole all the sound conclusions of the pre-Christian mind. Nor has she lost this assimilative power, characteristic of all living and vigorous organisms, but continues to make her own, in due course, the assured results of human wisdom, whilst contributing, from her analysis of the treasures of revelation committed to her, continually to its total. The philosophical world outside the Church to-day, and separated from her tradition, is in a state of chaos. Recently two volumes have appeared dealing with no less than twenty-four systems, attached to the names of as many modern English-writing philosophers, and yet the list is not exhausted. These "guesses at truth" account for not a little of the religious unrest and decay of our times, and are a just retribution on the pride and self-sufficiency which at the Reformation rejected the philosophy of the Church, just because it was Catholic. If any modern will condescend to read Father McNabb's sketch of that philosophy he will be dull indeed if he does not admire such a complete and consistent intellectual edifice. Father McNabb rightly and naturally takes St. Thomas as the chief exponent of scholasticism, and, in his limits, can only mention some of the brave men who lived both before and after Agamemnon, but no Catholic will consider the sketch inadequate on that account. The scholastic method had, no doubt, its decline, and it is in its degeneracy only that many moderns know it. But the life of the Church has carried it on into new vigour: the Vatican Council vindicated reason as well as faith, and subsequent Popes have never tired in calling attention to the adaptability of the Church's traditional philosophy to the growth and expansion of modern knowledge.

Professor Sir Bertram Windle has already written so well and so copiously on *The Catholic Church and its Reactions to Science*—using the latter word in its restricted meaning—that the Catholic reader will be familiar with the gist of his argument in this new book. He insists upon scientific men being scientific, using words correctly, stating facts as facts and hypotheses as hypotheses, paying due attention to logic and to the laws of evidence, and not travelling without warning outside their province as observers and classifiers. And he exemplifies his own injunctions by the careful and orderly process of his discussion. Since scientific men constantly philosophize, he is compelled to state the relation of Catholic philosophy to Science, as well the religious interactions due to Biblical difficulties and the existence of miracles. His wide reading enables him to use with telling force the admissions of candid opponents, ancient and modern, as to the soundness of the Church's attitude, and if any Catholic writings can destroy the inveterate prejudice

that Catholicism not only fetters the intellect but denies fully ascertained facts this booklet will accomplish the feat.

We are given no programme of the future numbers of this excellent series, which clearly might be greatly extended. The Church has relations with nearly every department of human existence and activity—with the Home, with the Civil State, with Art and Literature, with Sociology, with the Bible, with Pre-History, with non-Catholic religions, with the world of spirits, and so forth—which might furnish useful material for similar monographs. We trust that Mr. Belloc, in his choice of later writers for his series, may find, or has found, others as competent as those of his first selection.

## 2—A MUSICIAN ON MUSICAL AFFAIRS<sup>1</sup>

NO better title than "On Music's Borders" could have been chosen for Sir Richard Terry's collection of forty-four articles, thirty-eight of which were written for a non-musical reading public, but a reading public interested in current events. Sir Richard gives an excellent survey "Sixty Years of Music in England"; but is very bitter about the operatic situation in the earlier years. He has looked at it, and criticized it from to-day's standpoint. Neither Benedict nor Costa were "prima donna conductors." It was only with the evolution of the orchestra, due to composers making greater demands upon it, that conductors began to play upon their orchestras as a soloist upon an instrument. It was Wagner who demanded a new conducting technique, and he had to train his conductors, just as he had to train his singers. Think of what opera was before—Meyerbeer, early Verdi. Although Benedict and Costa were not prepared for the new demands made upon them, one may not, therefore, dub them third and fifth raters. They were simply men of their time, just as Sala, Chorley and Davidson were in criticism! Not one of them would be tolerated to-day, simply because to-day's technique in conducting and criticism is higher, and the general public more enlightened. It was the same in church music. Stainer, Dykes and Barnby wrote a great deal of music, that, judged from the standard of to-day is sickly and sentimental. Unfortunately, it had a great vogue, but is being eliminated. Every Church musician should read, mark, learn and digest "The Genesis of a Popular Tune." The author points out Monk's travesty in Hymns A. and M. but is silent upon The Arundel and Westminster versions. Sir Richard implies that "Lord de Grey and Mr. Higgins" were responsible for the stage during the Harris regime of opera. Surely this is incorrect. Harris was not a novice at stage work. He had

<sup>1</sup> *On Music's Borders.* By Sir Richard Terry. London: Fisher Unwin. Pp. 240. Price, 15s.

had considerable practical experience before he undertook opera direction. The general impression was that Lord de Grey and Mr. Higgins were the social factors. It is one of the peculiarities of humanity to fasten upon one particular work of an artist to the exclusion of his other efforts which may be quite as good if not better. Handel, whom the author calls "A forgotten composer," is a case in question. The British attitude towards British efforts is admirably portrayed in the chapter "Parsifoolishness" (notes on a Beecham performance). Beecham's work and the all-round excellence of his productions were never appreciated at their real value. Richter courageously produced "The Ring" with English artists, and was damned for it. Bayreuth has served its purpose, and there is no object in keeping it up, unless artists of outstanding ability are engaged, and the works properly performed. Lately, it has been the toy of Siegfried Wagner, and the "halo" of the past has covered the present day deficiencies. Beecham had no so-called "stars." His people were chosen for their brains, and "stars" are notoriously lacking in brains. As Sir Richard points out, that is what made his productions so exhilarating. There is an excellent article "Concerning Revolutionary Songs." An attack by Mr. Bernard Shaw on the tune of "The Red Flag," which he refers to as a whining ditty, worthy only to rank as "the funeral march of a fried eel," brings the author of the words into the fray with his version of the history of the tune. Sir Richard makes short work of this. A note on the jacket of the book describes it as "A volume of intimate reminiscences . . . with characteristic digressions on such topics as the passing of the music hall, the future opera, sea shanties, and mechanical music." The contents justify the warrant, and there is not a dull paragraph in the two hundred and forty pages.

### 3—PROPAGANDA AND PADROADO<sup>1</sup>

NO one is more competent to speak or write on the vexed Padroado Question in the East than Fr. Hull, and it is well that he has been induced to put in order for future study the results of his years of research. Sad, almost gruesome, as the story is, it is an illustration of one at least of the internal problems with which the Holy See has to deal in the development of the missions; while we hear much of the hardships of the missionary life and admire it the more in consequence, a work like the present reveals much greater suffering of which it is usually impossible to speak. It is in this spirit that the volume must be read; if it is read in any other it may produce only bitterness and scandal.

The Padroado Question, or the question of the rights of Portugal

<sup>1</sup> *Bombay Mission History and the Padroado Question.* By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. Vol. I. 1934-1958. With Maps. Bombay: Examiner Press. Pp. 500. Price, 6s.

over the missions of Asia, affects in theory almost the whole coast line from Baluchistan to Japan, but in practice it is only certain places which now feel the burthen ; and of these Bombay, especially Bombay city and island, has been a battle-ground for more than a century. A hundred years ago the trouble was bad enough ; since that time, as the city has developed from 10,000 to over a million people, as the British Government, with the best intentions in the world, has endeavoured to play the part of Canon lawyer without the least understanding of Canon Law, as nationalism has been more and more accentuated, the bitterness has become ever more intense, and though to-day we have not pitched battles in the churches, we suspect the sword of the tongue has been far more sharpened and is used with far more keen effect than in the olden time.

But this is to anticipate. Fr. Hull's present volume takes us up to 1858, when, after the Bombay Mission had been in the hands, first of the Franciscans, then of the Carmelite Fathers, it was finally handed over to the Society of Jesus. The author briefly relates the condition of things before the trouble began, when the Portuguese were in nominal control but were unable to do much, partly through their own internal weakness, partly through the Mahratta conquests, partly through the growing importance and power of the East India Company. Of course suspicion of disloyalty was the beginning of the upheaval ; whether this suspicion was justified or not it is now impossible to say, but at all events there was evidence.

Once the commotion was begun it never ceased. Goan authority removed, Goan authority restored, removed again, and again coming to claim what it thought its own, fights for the churches, parties formed in the congregations, from time to time appeals to far-off Rome which was much too troubled with its own affairs, and much too ignorant of the real state of things, to do anything effective and final ; attempts at compromise by partition of churches, of property, of people, of anything for peace, with the result that the divisions were only the more established, and peace and unity were made the more impossible—such is the story Fr. Hull has to relate. As a phase of modern history it is almost incredible ; it throws us back to the days of Chrysostom and Athanasius. Let one fact speak for all ; in eighty years of last century, unless we are mistaken, only one bishop died in the see of Bombay, the others found rest elsewhere.

During all this time two names seem to stand out as the names of great men, who, if they had been supported, might have solved the Padroado problem. These were Alcantara and Hartmann. Both saw the evil and both were willing to make any sacrifice for its removal.

The volume suffers much for want of a proper index. The "Analytical Index" which is given does not serve the purpose for the ordinary student.



4—A CANDIDATE FOR SAINTHOOD<sup>1</sup>

PÈRE POULAIN and his colleague Père de Maumigny (who spoke from personal experience), M. Bremond and Sainte Beuve, René Bazin and William James, to mention but a few "mystic" authors, have not written without result. Books dealing with religious experience, especially of an unusual type, have secured an ever larger reading public in the last 20 years or so. The biography of Teresa Higginson, written by an eager admirer, will be widely read, not only by the devout, but also by the scientific student of mysticism. A life comparatively colourless externally—Miss Higginson was an elementary school-teacher in the hard early days of poverty-stricken Catholic schools—scarcely gives promise of the interior life which it conceals. While still a child Teresa practised prayer and penance in a way which recalls the holy follies of the boy Aloysius. Little wonder after such a beginning, if her later life was a series of secret marvels. These strange happenings would doubtless attract the attention of a *promotor fidei*, as would the director's expectant attitude towards favours he looked forward to seeing in his penitent. Many of the easily-roused race of critics will certainly find matter for unfavourable comment in the visions, prophecies, bilocations and stigmata met with in the book. At the same time it must be recognized that the narrative as here given does much to remove the unfavourable impression almost inevitably created by the brief sketch of Miss Higginson's life which appeared a few years ago. The marvellous element does not fill the whole canvas; but is seen in its proper proportion upon a background of solid virtue. It is well to recall what constitutes the sanctity which the Church will officially recognize. A saint, proclaimed as such by the Catholic Church, has practised in an heroic degree the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. Strange psycho-physical experiences, torments by the devil, etc., are not sealed as authentic and spiritually significant by the decree of canonization. There is ample matter for edification and instruction in Teresa Higginson's life. Her own letters to her director, which form the main documentary evidence of the book, tell of a simple piety and a vigorous virtue. Miss Kerr is to be congratulated on setting before us an interesting piece of work free from the eloquence which destroys the value of a certain amount of continental hagiography. Later editions should not fail to include an index, and to eliminate the few typographical errors in an admirably printed book. We note, for example, p. 68, "La Stigmatism" for "La Stigmatisation," and p. 348, "animan" for "animam."

<sup>1</sup> *Teresa Helena Higginson, Servant of God.* By Cecil Kerr. London: Sands and Co. Pp. 355. Price, 6s. 1927.

5—THE REFORMATION IN DUBLIN : 1536-1558 <sup>1</sup>

FATHER RONAN'S study of Henry VIII's religious doings in Ireland is a substantial work of poignant interest to all Catholics. In many respects it is a pioneer work, for, although the historical material concerning this period has been accessible to other writers, these latter have invariably been non-Catholics, and, therefore, for reasons no Catholic will dispute, somewhat ill-fitted to deal adequately with this subject. The study is limited to the Irish capital and to a fixed period of time, but Father Ronan is careful to put it in its proper setting, and it reads as a rounded whole.

The part which in England Cromwell and Cranmer took in suppressing Papal Supremacy under Henry and Edward was taken in Ireland, *mutatis mutandis*, by an apostate English friar, George Browne, belonging, like Luther, to the Augustinian Order, who in his earlier career had aided them in furthering Henry's divorce and his Church policy. Browne was a heretic, pure and simple, and in reward for his zeal in preaching Cromwell's "articles of reform," was appointed to the Archbishopric of Dublin in 1536. Henceforward, the progress of the Reformation in Dublin is mainly a record of the activities of this worldly and unscrupulous man, who had made his archbishopric more sure by bribing Lord Rochford, the brother of Anne Boleyn. That "reform" closely followed the English precedent: many religious houses were "suppressed," or rather stolen and plundered, to satisfy the King's unbounded avarice or enrich his venal officials. Then through the Parliament of the Pale the King's ecclesiastical supremacy was proclaimed and accepted, alas! not merely by the Anglo-Normans but by many of the native Irish chieftains and a large majority of the Irish hierarchy. The general impression has hitherto been that the Irish Church, as well as the Irish people, resisted the Reformation from the first: however it may have been under Elizabeth, this can no longer be maintained as regards her father's usurpation. However, the people and the lower clergy were stauncher than their lay and ecclesiastical leaders: the latter had something to lose and they knew the tyrannical Tudor would not scruple to take what they had unless they obeyed. Moreover, their weak complaisance in Parliament was not followed by active zeal for "the reform" in the country, and during the whole of Henry's reign and that of his successor the old liturgy maintained its place practically throughout the whole island outside Dublin,

<sup>1</sup> By Myles V. Ronan, C.C. London: Longmans and Co. Pp. xxxii. 543. Price, 20s. net.

notwithstanding the efforts of Browne the apostate to abolish the Mass.

What is the chief merit of Father Ronan's work,—the printing in full of many documents, some quite new, some hitherto misinterpreted, and thus the correction of the many errors of previous historians—makes it somewhat difficult reading and prevents us from getting a very clear impression of the whole. The political situation was involved in the extreme. There were quarrels between the royal officials, besides the perennial quarrel with "the Irishry." There were internecine feuds amongst the latter which were only not civil war because the conception of nationhood was for the moment obscured. All this is illustrated by copious extracts from letters and State-papers, written in the involved, tortuous style of the period, and as difficult to appraise rightly as they are wearisome to read. For there was no morality in the State-craft of the period: each document has to be studied in the light of its writer's character, and a thoroughly, or even moderately, honest character does not emerge from the crowd of place-hunters, intriguers, factious nobles, and renegade ecclesiastics that occupy this particular stage. The Catholic reader will find Father Ronan almost too objective in his treatment of these characters. He rarely set forth his own view, but is content to allow the actors and writers to speak for themselves. As he himself feels, he has rather provided the material for a full and accurate historical survey than accomplished it himself. When his digest of all the sources is complete, it is to be hoped that, with his unique knowledge he will devote himself to the composition of what we have never had yet—a complete Catholic history of the attempt to overthrow the Catholic religion in Ireland.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

### BIBLICAL.

**T**HE fate of the Bible in the hands of the Higher Critics, many of them full of anti-Christian prejudice and determined to destroy what they can, seems to be a reaction against the Bibliolatry whereby the Protestant reformers exalted the Scriptures into an infallible self-interpreting oracle. And alas! the reaction has affected the Bibliolaters themselves, so that outside the Church the Word of God is nowhere held in due honour. Father Fonck in *The Light of the World* (Sands & Co.: 4s. n.) gives us an admirable exposition of the attitude of reverent understanding with which the Catholic Church regards the Scriptures, and of the position in her eyes occupied by the New Testament especially. It is a book primarily for students, but will also serve the devout reader with intellectual grounds for devotion.

## MORAL THEOLOGY.

**Readings on Fundamental Moral Theology**, by the Rt. Rev. L. J. Nau, S.T.D. (Pustet, N.Y., and Herder, London: pp. 107, 5s.), are intended to clarify some of the basic principles of ethics, which Moral Theology assumes and restates. The author's purpose is, as he tells us, to supplement the text-book of Sabetti-Barrett in matters which lie on the threshold of the subject, for however excellent a manual of Moral Theology may be—and Father Barrett's revision of Sabetti's work ranks deservedly high—much has to be taken as already established in the philosophical course. The author covers some of that ground and with success. The subjects dealt with are Freewill and Moral Obligation, The Virtues, The Obligation of Human Law, Moral Education. The chapters on the obligation of human law and on moral education are, we think, especially timely in these days of disregard of all obligation and indifference to moral training. We commend this book to students of moral principles.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

There is something singularly fascinating about the simple, straightforward, duty-loving character which is portrayed in the **Life of Lieutenant Michael Carlier**, Trappist Monk-Soldier, translated from the French by a Priest of New Melleray Abbey, Iowa (Kenedy: \$2.50). The boy who takes life as he finds it, cheerfully, in bad weather or fair; the youth that loved nature in all its moods and all its minor interests; the young soldier who submitted to be bullied because he did not choose to be "like everybody else"; the Trappist monk at last, rewarded and happy, and a child then no less than at the beginning;—this simple picture has its own attraction, all the more so because of the transparency of soul in the man.

Then comes a sudden transformation. By order of his country the Trappist monk must turn soldier on active service, and the horrors of his youth must be revived. But he shoulders his gun and his burthen, and as he marches and fights we are shown that a Trappist can fight well and yet remain in heart a Trappist. The combination, of personal war-pictures and of the cloister-aftermath, would have delighted the heart of St. Ignatius Loyola. Carlier was wounded, was promoted, was decorated, was killed; he was buried in a Trappist monastery, for he had never deviated from the spirit of his original self-oblation. It is a story of a happy life.

A **Life of St. Francis for little ones**—"racontée à la jeunesse"—has been translated from the Italian of P. Vittorino Fachinetti, O.F.M., by M. Ph. Mazoyer and published with the title **L'Histoire du Poverello d'Assise** (Lethielleux: 25.00 fr.). The author is evidently an expert both in his subject and in the power of attracting the young mind. Naturally he dwells from beginning to end on the childlike character and ways of the Poverello. The stories are re-told and well told; with that addition of a boyish style which makes them read like something new. There are twenty-eight illustrations in beautiful photogravure of famous scenes and pictures, the lines strengthened so as to make the sometimes quaint originals intelligible to a child's eye. For a boy or a girl to whom French is familiar this would be a welcome gift book.

## DRAMATIC.

One of the enterprises of that very enterprising Catholic firm, Sheed and Ward, is a series called "The Reader's Theatre,"—a number of stories in dramatic form, rather intended for the study than the stage: such, at any rate, is the impression given by the title, although the first two are eminently actable, being translations from the French of M. Henri Ghéon, whose "History of St. Bernard" had such a success in London last year. **The Comedian** (2s. 6d. cloth, 3s. 6d. bound), translated by Alan Bland, deals with the Roman legend concerning an actor who, taking the part of a catechumen receiving the sacrament of Baptism, actually received the grace of conversion as well and died a martyr. M. Ghéon, with exquisite skill, depicts the gradual conversion of Genesius from hatred and contempt of Christianity, first to an artistic appreciation of its ideal, then to an emotional adoption of its sentiments, and, lastly, to a genuine love, acceptance and profession of it. At the same time, a few phrases of Genesius's might be misinterpreted to convey the impression that the sacrament had a quasi-magical effect. The minor characters all minister duly to the development of the plot, and the whole forms a notable piece of literature. The other play, which Father Martindale introduces and translates into lucid and vigorous English, deals with episodes in the romantic life of St. Francis of Assisi and his espousal of his Lady Poverty, and some of its main consequences. The introduction elaborates the lesson of the drama, but there is no difficulty in following and in feeling that lesson from the actual course of the play. Its subject invites poetic treatment and M. Ghéon ably responds to the invitation. Amidst all the literature which the Saint has inspired, this little play, entitled **The Marriage of St. Francis**, deserves a very high place.

We hope the publishers will be encouraged by the reception of these two dramas to proceed with their enterprise, for the modern stage both here and in America needs all the help that the Catholic genius can supply.

## NON-CATHOLIC.

The Catholic need not read much of the thoughtful little treatise on **Elementary Christianity** (Longmans: 2s. 6d. n.) which Dr. Cyril Alington, the Headmaster of Eton has published, to realize the disadvantages to which an apologist who does not belong to the living Church of Christ lies open in endeavouring to explain the meaning of Christianity. Speaking of Christian preachers in general but assuredly not speaking of Catholic preachers, Dr. Alington says (p. 3)—"A Christian preacher is no longer justified in making any assumptions as to the presuppositions of the congregation which he is addressing. He is speaking to people who have no solid background either of faith or knowledge, whose reasons for doubt vary almost infinitely"—a sad picture, truly, of the state of religious faith outside the Church. Dr. Alington does his best under his limitations to make religion plausible to minds like these, but he cannot give what he has not got. There is no evidence that he understands what is meant by faith in the traditional Catholic sense: he speaks (p. 11) of "belief in the truths of our religion," which "may approach to certainty"; he defines dogma as "the statement of theory confirmed

by experience": disregarding the whole massive and elaborate structure of Natural Theology, he says that "religion" should admit that "it is based on an assumption which it cannot prove but is endeavouring to verify," whereas St. Paul considered the heathen "inexcusable" in his failure to admit the evidence of God in creation; he equivalently gives up the inspiration of the New Testament, holding that "in the main it must be a matter for the expert to decide on the authenticity and the probable meaning of Christ's apocalyptic sayings" (p. 50). He throws doubt upon Christ's nature miracles (pp. 52-53), he suggests that hell fire, in the mind of Christ, was a purifying not a penal agency, although expressly said to be "prepared for the devil and his angels." Yet he would doubtless rank himself amongst the ultra-orthodox! The fact is that, being outside the Church, Dr. Alington has had to fall back upon human reason. His defence of Christianity must be held by a Catholic to be weak and wavering, because his Protestantism, his rejection of a living guide and interpreter of Scripture and Tradition, compels him to abandon the strongest positions.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Heseltine's essays on the land, which he calls **The Change** (Sheed and Ward: 2s. 6d.), are in substance a protest against industrialism and the evils it bears in its train. His central theme is the paramount importance amongst producers of him who produces food, and the no less notable neglect, by Government and by popular opinion, of that important class. All Governments have a land-policy: all seem equally impotent to put it into effect. Hence the nation's energies are devoted to producing goods for the foreigner in order that in return the foreigner may feed it. It is a familiar situation, and for a moment during the war the nation woke up to its peril, but it has since relapsed into an uneasy slumber. Not so familiar are the grace and persuasiveness with which the author pleads the cause of a "bold peasantry, its country's pride," and contrasts the small proprietor with the slaves of industrialism who have lost even the desire of independence. It is a stimulating book, and Mr. Chesterton's "imprimatur," welcome though it is, is hardly necessary to recommend the book to lovers of the land and the country.

It is not our practice, from considerations of space, to review in any detail periodicals that reach us, but exception must be made in favour of **The Catholic Gazette**, the ably-edited and instructive organ of the "Catholic Missionary Society," the March issue of which is intended to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society's foundation. It is an exceptionally strong number, containing many stimulating articles concerning the Faith and the means of spreading it. The growth of the Society itself—one of the fertile ideas of the apostolic Cardinal Vaughan—is described by Dr. J. P. Arendzen, one of its first members, in an interesting paper which yet does not chronicle enough of its good deeds. The Society's jubilee was celebrated by a public meeting early last month, of which mention is made elsewhere. Here we have in epitome all that it stands for—clear exposition of the Faith, zeal combined with skill in recommending it, comments on the religious bearing of current events, answers to difficulties, records of mission experiences, correspondence and reviews—a great variety of edifying and informative matter most attractively served.



Father Rowan, the Professor of Ecclesiastical Chant at St. Augustine's Seminary, Diocesan Director of Church Music for the Archdiocese of Toronto, Ontario, has written a pamphlet called **Practical Means to Reform Catholic Church Music** (85 c.). Although he has in view Canadian and American Church musicians, those interested in the music of our Church in this country will appreciate "The Catechism of Church Music Reform." Artistically the Catholic Church has no greater heritage than the Gregorian Chant, the only chant she has inherited from the ancient Fathers, and which she has jealously guarded for centuries in her liturgical codices. Father Rowan advocates its greater use, especially in schools. One would like to see the teaching of Gregorian Chant carried out in all our schools and used at the celebration of the Children's Mass. It would be far better than the great majority of the settings that children sing at their services. Once learnt it is never forgotten, and that glorious heritage should be known to all. A lecture, "The Rôle of the Liturgical Organist," by Joseph Bonnet, given at the Congress of Sacred Music in Paris, December, 1922, is printed in this book; also an article, "Plain-song," by Dr. Healey Willan, the organist of the Anglican Cathedral of Toronto, and Vice-Principal of Toronto Conservatory of Music. The "White List" of music approved for liturgical use is a curious mixture of strong, reverent church music, with some very weak examples. After such an excellent catechism it would have been better for the author to have left the selection of music to the intelligence of his reader, trusting him to choose what is liturgically correct and musically suitable.

Catholic education always puts training of will and development of character above mere imbuing the mind with knowledge. In **Training for Life** (Kenedy: \$1.75) Father Edward Garesché puts together a dozen helpful chapters for the guidance of those who have the care of the young, whether parents and teachers, in this all-important matter. And we are glad to see that he is not afraid to include amongst possible and desirable careers for life that of the direct service of God in the priesthood and the cloister.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

*Twenty Poems from the Spanish of Becquer.* By R. Croft-Cooke.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin.

*Evil Literature: Some Suggestions.* By R. S. Devane, S.J. Pp. 55. Price, 1s. n.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

*Revelation of Divine Love.* Edited by R. Huddleston, O.S.B. Pp. xlviii. 256. Price, 5s. and 7s. 6d. *Facing Life.* By

Raoul Plus, S.J. Pp. xii. 121.

Price, 2s. 6d. *Mother Mary Magdalen of the Sacred Heart.* By F. C. Devas, S.J. Pp. ix. 385. Price, 15s.

C.T.S., London.

*Several Twopenny Pamphlets.*

DENT & SONS, London.

*Selected Letters of Baron F. von Hugel.* Edited with Memoir by B. Holland. Pp. vii. 377. Price, 21s. n. *The Passion of S. Perpetua.* Translated and edited by R. W. Muncey, M.A. Pp. vii. 66. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

DUFFY & Co., Dublin.

*Excerpta e Rituali.* Edited by Rev. J. B. O'Connell. 2nd Edition. Pp. 170. Price, 3s. 6d. n. and 5s. n.

ELKIN MATHEWS & MARIOT, London.

*Twenty Poems.* By Piers Comp-ton. Pp. 36. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

HARDING & MORE, London.

*Emily Hickey: a Memoir.* By Enid Dinnis. Pp. 127. Price, 7s. 6d. *Maxims of Christian Chivalry.* Edited by N. Dillon, O.F.M. 2nd Edition. Pp. xiv. 142. Price, 2s. *The Faith of York.* By W. P. Thurstan, B.A. Pp. 63. Price, 1s.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

*The Highway of the Cross.* By Rev. Placid Wareing, C.P. Pp. ix. 90. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *Canon Sheehan.* By Rev. F. Boyle, C.C. Pp. viii. 95. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *Life and Teaching of St. Bernard.* By A. J. Luddy, O.Cist. Pp. xvi. 774. Price, 21s. n.

HERDER, London.

*Retreat Conferences for Religious Sisterhoods.* By Rev. A. M. Shelly, O.P. Pp. x. 223. Price, 7s. n. *The Church of Christ.* By E. S. Berry, D.D. Pp. xvii. 566. Price, 12s. n.

HERDER, Freiburg.

*Compendium Theologiae Moralis.* By Jos. Ubach, S.J. Vol. II. Pp. xvi. 764. Price, 20.50 m. *Theodicea.* By Jos. Hontheim, S.J. Pp. viii. 324. Price, 5.60 m.

KEGAN PAUL, London.

*The World of Imagery.* By S. J. Brown, S.J. Pp. vi. 353. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

*La Doctrine Catholique.* By Abbé G. Sepiéter. Pp. xxix. 532. Price, 20.00 fr. *Les plus belles lettres de S. Catherine de Sienna.* Translated in French by P.-H. Michel. Pp. 224. Price, 10.00 fr.

LITURGICAL PRESS, Collegeville, Minn.  
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